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THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1882.

ROBERT WILKES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the death of Robert Wilkes, the Methodist Church of Canada lost one of its most devoted members, one of its wisest counsellors, one of its most generous supporters. His life story, were it fully told, would be an inspiration to the young men of Canada to make their lives, like his, sublime.

He was born in the County of Leitrim, Ireland, 1832, and when in his sixteenth year came to Canada with a widowed mother and six sisters. The family for a time lived on a farm in the Township of Mono, but young Robert soon found employment in the hardware house of his uncle, the late Robert H. Brett, in Toronto. He early acquired those habits of business accuracy and indefatigable industry, which conduced so greatly to his subsequent success in life.

A favourable opportunity offering, he entered the employment of the Messrs. Rossin, the most extensive dealers in gold and silverware and jewellery in the province. His fidelity and business capacity soon commanded the confidence of his new employers, and he was entrusted with some of the most important departments of an extensive business. He used to visit, with large quantities of valuable wares, the principal dealers in the province, at a time when the facilities for travel through Canada were much less perfect than they are at present.

It was while he was in the employment of the Messrs. Rossin that the great religious crisis of his life took place. During the

first visit to Toronto of the Rev. James Caughey Mr. Wilkes became an interested attendant upon his ministrations, and at last under the Divine blessing obtained a personal experience of the forgiveness of sins. Many years after, we think when Mr. Caughey was again in Toronto, he heard two gentlemen, strangers, denouncing his revival methods, and one of them asserted that he had never known one of his "converts" to continue steadfast. Mr. Wilkes could not resist the impulse to bear a testimony for God, and turning to the gentleman he said, "Excuse me, sir, but you see one of 'Caughey's converts' before you, who, by the help of God, has continued to this day." This act was characteristic of the man. He embraced every fitting opportunity to "stand up for Jesus" and confess Him before men.

This religious awakening was accompanied, as we think such an experience always is, by an intellectual quickening. Amid the engrossing activities of a business life, Mr. Wilkes devoted himself with intense energy to study. We never knew a man who, not having received a college training in his youth, achieved so broad and liberal a self-education in his early manhood. In this he was greatly assisted by the wise counsels and generous aid of the late Professor Esson, of Knox College, Toronto, and we think also of the Rev. William McClure. Few persons except his intimate friends were aware of Mr. Wilkes' literary attainments. He not only pursued a wide range of critical reading of the best English authors, but he acquired a familiar use of French and, German, and more remarkable still, a sufficient acquaintance with both Greek and Hebrew to read both the Old and New Testament in their original tongues. The impelling motive to this was a desire to become familiar with the very essence and spirit of the Word of God.

Upon his conversion he threw his consecrated manhood into Christian work. He became one of the most active members of the then newly-organized Methodist New Connexion Church—as Sunday-School teacher, class leader, and local preacher. The present writer enjoyed the privilege of his ministrations in all these relations, and a more zealous Christian worker we never knew.

If for any reason our place in class were vacant for a single time, we were sure to have a visit from Mr. Wilkes during the

week to know the reason why, and to secure regular attendance in the future. And with loving solicitude he followed "his boys," as he called us, through all our subsequent career, and many there are who will trace their first and strongest religious convictions to his prayerful efforts, and their after success to his wise counsels and often generous aid. He used, for instance, to select from the Sunday-School library books which he thought especially helpful to the spiritual condition of his scholars and secure their promise to read them. To the present writer two such books—Binney's "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds," and James' "Anxious Inquirer" are for this reason invested with sacred associations which can never be forgotten.

As a preacher Mr. Wilkes was intensely earnest. Indeed we have never listened to more impassioned addresses than some which we have heard from his lips. He aimed directly at practical results—at conviction, and conversion. No one could hear him without feeling that this man believed intensely every word that he said. One of the great advantages of lay preaching is that it takes away the ground of gainsaying of cavillers and skeptics with reference to the regular ministry—that "preaching is their trade, they are paid for it, and every man to his business." No cold perfunctory preaching was that of Robert Wilkes. The glowing words came hot from his heart and burned conviction into the hearts of his hearers.

The remarkable business talents of Mr. Wilkes were rewarded by remarkable business success. When the Messrs. Rossin retired from their lucrative trade, their trusted *employee* became their successor. His characteristic energy led to the rapid expansion of the business. For many years, almost yearly, he visited in person the great trade centres of Europe to select and purchase the class of goods best adapted for the Canadian market. London, Sheffield, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort, Nuremburg, and Leipzig became familiar scenes. His descriptions of travel and of foreign life and adventure were very graphic. We remember one especially of the great annual fair at Leipzig at which all Europe, from the White Sea to the Black, from the Volga to the Atlantic was represented. Of this and other scenes he promised written sketches for this MAGAZINE which his untimely death prevented. On one of these

trips he, with one of his sisters, was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, and the whole ship's company had to remain on the island for a week, till rescued by another steamship.

Through the rapid development of his business, branch houses were established in Montreal and New York, and the personal oversight of these houses demanded frequent visits to both of these places.

Into public life Mr. Wilkes carried the same indomitable energy which characterized his private concerns. His staunch integrity, his business abilities, and his sound views on finance and public affairs commanded the confidence of his fellow citizens, and he was solicited to become the candidate in the Liberal interest for the important constituency of Centre Toronto, in the general election of 1872. The election was very hotly contested. But Mr. Wilkes took his stand firmly on the ground that not a dollar should be spent to influence a single vote, even though it would secure the election. He was triumphantly returned, and soon made his influence felt both on the floor of the House of Commons and as a member of important committees.

As a member of the Board of Trade of Toronto, his judgment on commercial matters carried with them great weight, and were frequently elicited and widely quoted. His weight and interest were also sought in connection with great commercial enterprises for which his financial skill and sterling integrity gave him a commanding influence.

Mr. Wilkes was an ardent patriot. He loved the land of his adoption, and strove to promote its welfare. But a few months previous to his death he compiled with much care tables of statistics to show that our grand inheritance in the North-west was destined to become the great granary of the world, and wrote an admirable paper urging the plan of a state-aided emigration and colonization scheme, whereby those fertile acres should be speedily brought under cultivation, and become tributary at once to the greatness of the mother and the daughter land.

But this is no place for eulogy of the secular success of his career, but of simple recognition of his moral worth. He was in all the relations of life, one of the best men we ever knew. In his almost continuous travel he was ever on the alert to speak a word in season for the Master whom he served—in the rail-

way train, at the hotel, in the pauses of business—always and everywhere. As a son and brother, as a husband and father, his devotion and tenderness well deserve the grief with which his loss is mourned. For his bereaved widow, who is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cooke, a distinguished member of the New Connexion Conference in England, and the well-known author of many able theological works, and for the seven orphan children, some of them too young to know their loss, the sympathy and prayers of the Church will not be wanting.

Dr. Cooke used to say in all seriousness concerning his devoted son-in-law, "I look *up* to Robert Wilkes," and the man to whom Dr. Cooke looked *up* must have been one deserving of his high regard. To ourself personally this death is felt as the loss of one of the best friends we ever knew. Through over a score of years of ever-growing friendship, our boyhood's attachment deepened into the love and admiration of our maturer years. He was never too busy for the kind greeting, the wise counsel, the thoughtful epistle, the generous aid for any cause that needed help.

Although Mr. Wilkes was a strongly attached member and leading official of the Methodist New Connexion, yet he was without a particle of bigotry in his nature. His sympathies were broad and Catholic, and he especially deplored the divisions existing between the different branches of Methodism in Canada. He had also the distinguished honour of being one of the first to inaugurate and promote the movement which led to the organic union of the New Connexion and the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It was in the parlour of the Rev. Dr. Dewart, Editor of the *Guardian*, that he met with the little company of members of several branches of Canadian Methodism in a meeting of consultation, from which such far-reaching results have already flowed, and from which movement we may expect still greater results in the future.

In the numerous meetings and discussions and pre-arrangements which took place both in the committees appointed for conducting the negotiations, and in the Conference of the Church to which he belonged, he took a prominent part, and always in the interests of peace and unity and brotherhood.

In the newly-organized Methodist Church of Canada he became an energetic worker, and a generous contributor to all its

schemes of religious, beneficent, and educational effort. As an eloquent and fervent preacher, as an able and logical writer, as a wise counsellor in the leading Committees of the Church, as a zealous and successful class-leader, and as a generous giver, he laboured with remarkable ability and success for the cause of God. As a member of the Committees and Boards for the organization of the Church and the carrying on of its work, he bore an active part and exerted a judicious influence. Our own special relations with him were in connection with the operations of the Sunday-School Board. None who were present at the anniversary of the Board in the Autumn of 1879 will forget the intense earnestness of his address on that occasion.

The domestic relations of our departed brother were singularly happy. There are touching and tender memories of those hallowed relations which are too sacred to intrude upon in these pages. The man who was such a good son, could not fail to be a kind father. It was to the self-forgetting love of a father's heart that he fell a sacrifice, and in trying to save the lives of his children that he lost his own. The sad disaster lacked no element of the tragical and pathetic. In the month of August, 1880, Mr. Wilkes and his family were spending a few summer holidays at Sturgeon Point, a beautiful health-resort on Sturgeon Lake. On the sixteenth of the month his only son and second daughter, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen, were bathing in the lake, while their father rowed a small boat near at hand. The lad, attempting to reach his father's boat, sank beneath the water. Mr. Wilkes plunged in to rescue him, and found himself beyond his depth. His daughter Florence, rushing to their assistance, got also beyond her depth, and thus all three perished in full view of the shore. Mrs. Wilkes, who was an eye-witness of the dreadful tragedy, rushed into the water and was with difficulty prevented from losing her life in a futile attempt to save those so dear to her. Prompt efforts were made to rescue the bodies, but, alas! the spark of life had fled. Although that of Florence was still warm, yet every attempt at its resuscitation was in vain.

The heart of the community in which he lived was deeply stirred with sympathy and grief, as the funeral services of Mr. Wilkes and his two children took place. The church, in whose recent construction he took such an active part, was filled to its

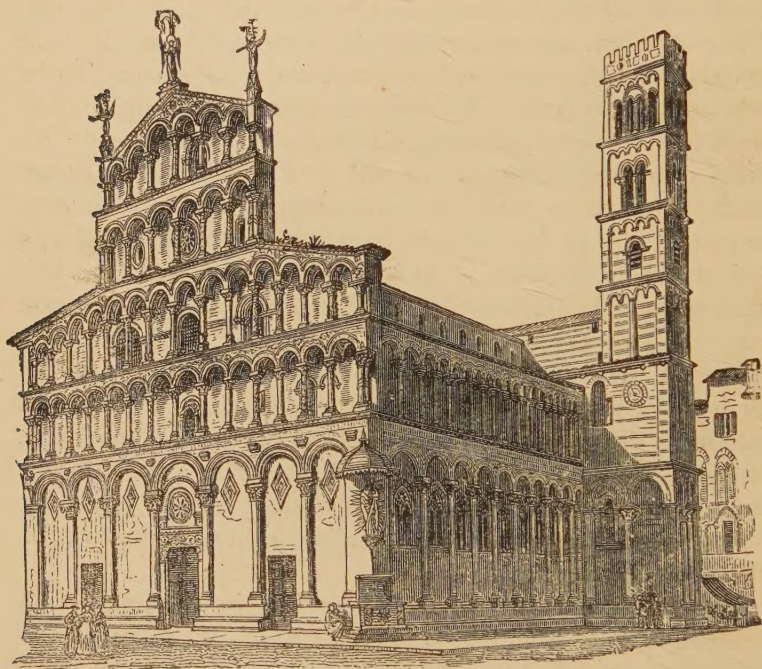
utmost capacity, and very many were moved to tears as they looked their last on the friend whom they had lost, and listened to the testimony, as to his life and character, of his pastor, Dr. Hunter, and of others who knew him well and loved him much.

The very last conversation we had with our departed friend a short time before his death is a sacred memory, almost a dying testimony of his faith. We were conversing of the difficulty of meeting the current infidelity which is so rife in society. "I find argument of little use," he said. "The best answer to the cavils of infidels is your own experience;" and he told of a skeptic whom he had recently met, who scoffed at the idea of God or of a future state. "You may think me a fanatic if you will," replied Mr. Wilkes, "but I not only feel with the deepest convictions of my soul that there is a God, but with all the powers of my being I love Him intensely, and at this moment He holds communion with my spirit by the Holy Ghost given unto me." The skeptic's proud look fell, his lip quivered, and, grasping the bold witness for his Master by the hand, he exclaimed with emotion, "I would give the world if I could say that. My sister, the best woman living, believes as you do. I wish I could."

Such was the manner of man whom God in His inscrutable providence called from labour for the Church on earth to the everlasting reward of the Church on high. No time was there for dying words; but is not this testimony, uttered in the fullness of health and the freedom of social intercourse, a golden testimony such as all of us would desire to leave behind? In our departed brother, the poor, the sick, the sorrowing lost a generous helper and a sympathizing friend. Of his private benefactions the world will never know. He was one who "did good by stealth," and would have "blushed to find it fame."

In the presence of such a crushing calamity as that above recorded, permitted by an all-wise Providence, one can only bow the head and say, "I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it."

MEDIÆVAL ART AND ARCHITECTURE.*



CHURCH OF SAN MICHELE, LUCCA

ONE of the noblest legacies of the mediæval past to the present is the vast number of Romanesque and Gothic churches, which, scattered all over Europe, excite to-day, by their number, their grandeur, and their beauty, the admiration and wonder of mankind. The development of this splendid architecture from the barbarism which succeeded the fall of the Roman Empire, is a fascinating subject of study. The word Gothic, which at first was the epithet for all that was most rude, barbaric, and uncouth, became, in course of time, the designation of the noblest and grandest architecture the world has ever seen. The exquisite

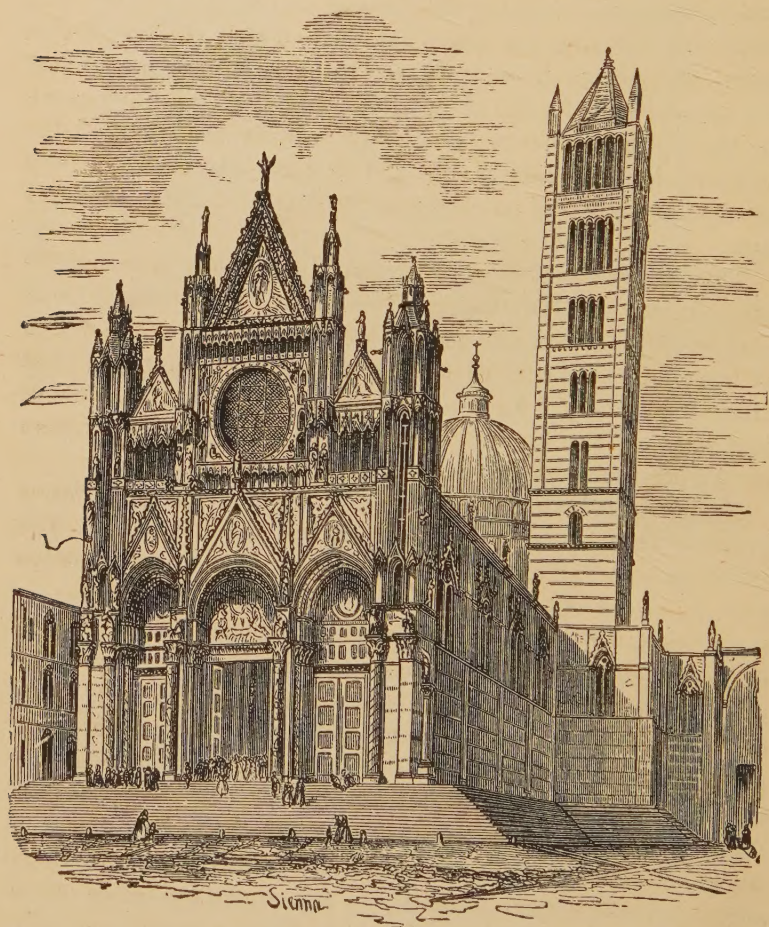
* This article, like that on a similar topic in the December number of this Magazine, is based on Dr. Lubke's History of Art (2 vols., 8vo, Dodd, Mead & Co.), and on Miss De Forest's Short History of Art, same publishers, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the admirable engravings by which it is illustrated.

beauty and perfection of the Grecian temple altogether fails to stir the deepest feelings of the soul like the mystery and sublimity of the Gothic cathedral. The one represents the consummate triumph of human achievement; the other, the deep religious yearning and unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit; one the cold intellectual work of the classic mind; the other, the awe and mystery and sublime emotions of the Northern soul. The clustering columns, the forest-like vaulted roof, the long-drawn aisles, the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these awake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or Renaissance architecture ever can.

These hoary minsters are a wonderful testimony to the originating power of Christianity. The great pagan temples were comparatively few in number, and were the product of the wealth of the world, concentrated during long generations in the great cities of antiquity. In three hundred years, in Germany alone, just emerged from barbarism, rose more Christian churches than all the great temples of classic times.

The contrast between Christian and pagan architecture was as great as that between the Christian and pagan worship. The latter, at least that portion in which the people took an active part, consisted chiefly of processions which took place out of doors, not inside of the temples. Their religious structures were therefore erected so as to produce the most artistic effect externally. The Christian worship demanded a covered hall, where the voice of the preacher could be heard, and where the sights and sounds of the world should be shut out. It was, therefore, the inside and not the outside, on which the most lavish decoration was bestowed. The Christian basilica was, as it were, a pagan temple turned inside out. The marble colonnade which surrounded the outside of the latter, ran around the inside of the former. All the resources of mosaic, frescoes, precious stones, carving and gilding, were bestowed on the interior of the church and the exterior of the temple. One is amazed to observe how blank and unadorned many of the oldest churches of Italy are without, and what a blaze of splendour and magnificence they are within.

As might be expected, the Christian architecture of Southern Europe retained more of the classic character than appeared in the new-born architecture of the North. "In Italy and the South," says Milman, "the sun is a tyrant. Breadth of shadow must mitigate his force. The wide eaves, the bold projecting cornice, must afford protection from his direct and burning rays."



CATHEDRAL OF SIENNA.

There would be reluctance to abandon altogether those horizontal lines, which cast a continuous and unbroken shadow; or to ascend, as it were, with the vertical, up into the unslaked depths of noon-day blaze."

For this reason, too, the openings for doors and windows were left quite small, and the large wall-surface was adorned on the inside with mosaics or frescoes, and on the outside, where adorned at all, with arcades of columns and arches. Often the columns partook strikingly of the classic style, and indeed, as at Pisa, it often happened that they were taken bodily from the ruins of pagan temples. If they were too long, they were cut down; if too short, they were lengthened. The effect of this at Pisa is very curious.

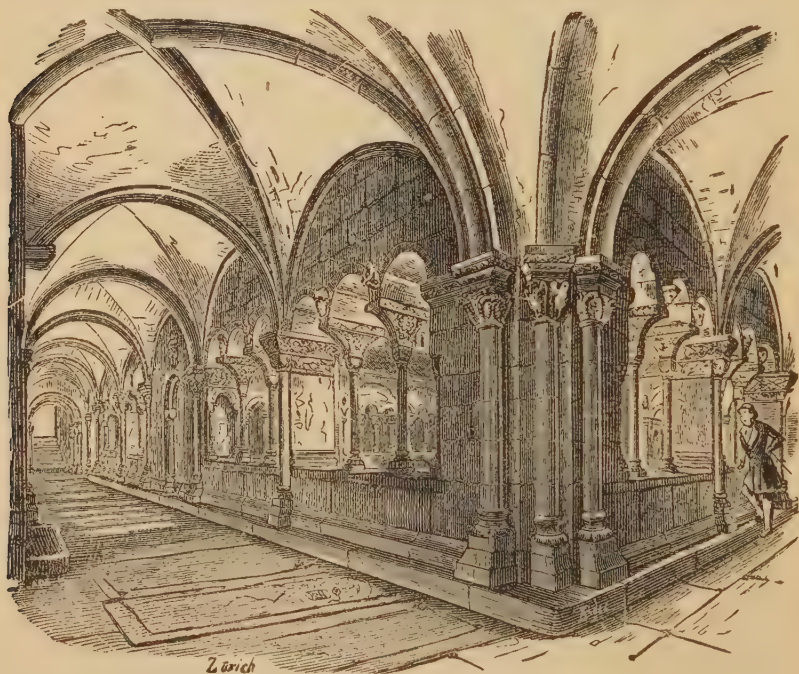
The features above noticed are strikingly exhibited in the Church of San Michele, or St. Michael, at Lucca, built in 764—the western façade in 1188. At the apex is the colossal statue of the saint—the wings of open work, that the wind may pass through and avoid the danger of blowing it down. The lofty campanile or bell-tower, with bands of white and coloured marble—very common in Italian churches—will be observed.

The Cathedral of Sienna, shown on page 10, exhibits the same general features, but being of a later date, possesses a more ornate Gothic character. The high false façade will in both cases be noticed. The great dome over the transept is characteristic of Italian churches, and it will be noticed that the lofty campanile leans quite perceptibly, like so many in Italy—whether by accident or design, critics are not agreed. The roofs of these, as of most Italian churches, are nearly flat, which was no inconvenience in that snowless climate.

In Germany and other northern countries, however, it was different. The heavy snow and rain-fall demanded a steep roof. This, in course of time, became constructed entirely of stone. It was formed at first in a tunnel or barrel-shaped vault. The adoption of this principle led to some magnificent developments. The barrel-vault was succeeded by the more ornate cross vaulting, as shown in the cut on page 12, which in time grew loftier and lighter in construction, till it rose like an overarching sky of stone, supported upon slender columns, as shown in the cut on page 15. The many vistas of this grove of columns—as in the Cathedral of Antwerp, where there are six rows from end to end of the vast structure—look like the aisles of some dim old forest.

Attached to most of the churches were conventual buildings, where dwelt the monks or regular clergy of the establishment; and for these an extensive *suite* of apartments was provided—a

great refectory or common dining-hall, a huge kitchen, a scriptorium or writing-room, a chapter-house, cells for the monks, and cloisters or vaulted arcades surrounding a hollow square, on which they looked through unglazed openings in the outer wall. These features are all distinctly apparent at the venerable abbey church of Westminster, and are shown in the cut below. The decoration of these cloisters is often exceedingly graceful, and to pace their echoing corridors over the graves of the old abbots, and look out upon the fountain or flowers in the quadrangle, might almost make one imagine himself a monk of the olden time. The



CLOISTER IN THE GREAT MINSTER AT ZURICH.

finest I have anywhere seen are those of St. Paul's Without the Walls, at Rome.

As the mediæval architects discovered more and more the power of the arch to carry vast weights on slender supports, the columns became smaller and smaller, as in the cloister above figured. The great weight, it will be seen, rests upon the stout angle piers. There is a complete transformation in the capitals of the columns. They lose the old classic character, and assume

forms of infinite variety, often sculptured into grotesque forms and faces, half human and half bestial—the strange outgrowth of the fantastic northern imagination.

It was found that the outward thrust of the stone roof upon the walls could be resisted by short stout projections called buttresses, placed opposite the principal ribs of the roof and piers of the wall. These buttresses were even carried through the air, like the segment of an arch, from an outer to an inner wall, and were then called “flying buttresses.” And, growing more daring still, the Gothic architects would place one of these arches above the other; and even four flying buttresses have been used to convey the thrust of the roof to the outer wall and to the ground. In the Cathedral of Cologne, at Notre Dame of Paris, and in St. Maclou at Rouen, shown on page 17, and in many other examples, this daring style of architecture is to be seen.

At the same time, in those northern churches, having no terror of the sun as in Italy, the openings for the windows became larger and larger, till almost the whole space between the buttresses was pierced for light. The windows, at first narrow lancets, assumed a vast size, and were divided by stone columns or mullions, which, in the head of the window, are braided as it were into tracery of elegant geometrical forms:—

Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplar's straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.

The great wall spaces which, in the southern churches, offered such ample surface for fresco-painting, were thus broken up, and northern art was deprived of that opportunity for development which led to such splendid results in the south.

But an opportunity for a new art was presented. These great windows became the frame for gorgeous groups in stained glass, where the many-coloured light streams through the crimson, purple, sapphire, and emerald robes of saints and apostles, confessors and martyrs. The intractable material used, as in the case of the early mosaics, gave a rigid and austere expression to the figures which greatly heightened their solemn impressiveness.

It must have been under the influence of such architecture as this that Milton sang—

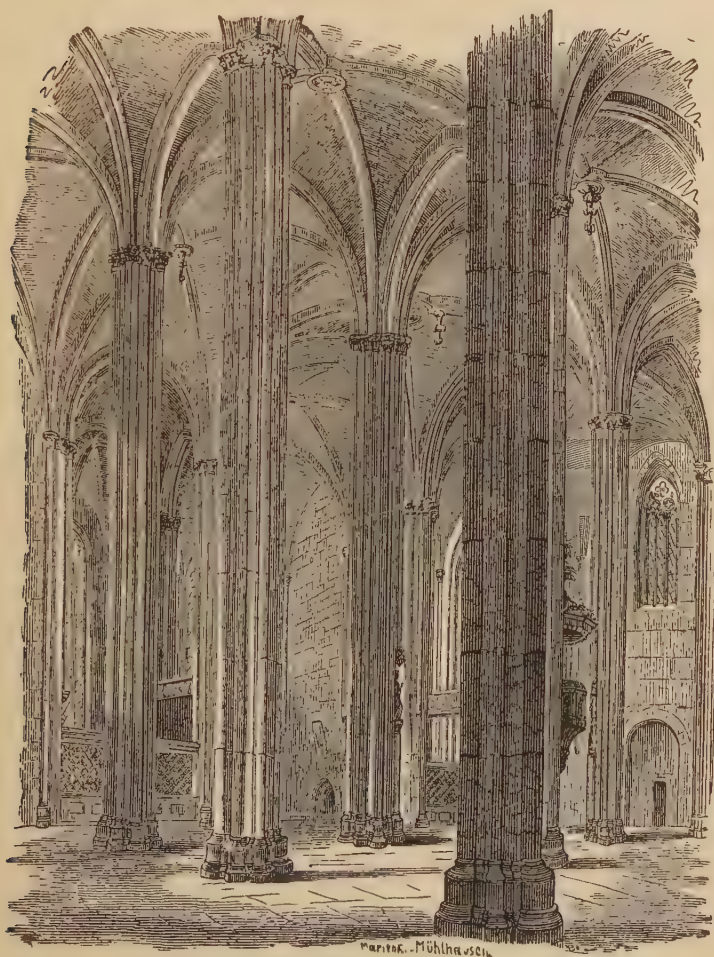
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below.

Callous must be the soul that is not touched to awe and solemnity by influences such as these.

But if the opportunity for the development of painting was limited, new scope was given for that of sculpture. The countless capitals, the grinning gargoyles, carved into the resemblance of the most hideous forms and faces, the statues that filled the innumerable niches and pinnacles, the groups over the doorways and in the arches, furnished opportunity for the amplest use of sculpture. In the arch of a single door of Notre Dame at Paris, are two hundred distinct statues. In the tympanum, or space over the door, is almost always an impressive, though sometimes rather grotesque, group of the Last Judgment. At the Cathedral of Lucerne, for instance, I remember, a devil with a pig's head is represented, carrying off the souls of the lost in a huge basket, weighing them in scales, and casting them into a dragon-shaped hell's mouth; while a saint carries the souls of the saved to heaven in her apron. At Basle is a similar group, in which the risen dead—stiff archaic figures—are shown bursting the tombs and hastily putting on their resurrection garments. At Milan Cathedral are over two thousand exquisite statues, and at Chartres the whole story of redemption, from the creation and fall of man to the Last Judgment, is elaborately sculptured in this great stone Bible. The church of St. Maclou, page 17, gives hints of this elaborate art.

Herein is the wonderful contrast between a classic temple and a Christian church. The one, in its austere simplicity, expresses all it has to say at once. The eye and mind can comprehend everything at a glance. Every column, every capital, is like every other. It is a cold perfection of beauty, petrified into stone. The Gothic cathedral possesses a sort of spiritual life—

an infinite and inexhaustible variety. Every detail is different from every other, and has been the object of faithful and loving artistic toil. It is a complete and perfect development of Christian symbolism. "Its form and distribution was a confession of



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. MARY AT MÜHLHAUSEN.

faith. It typified the creed ; everywhere was the mystic number. The Trinity was proclaimed by the nave and aisles, the three great portals, the three towers. The great rose window in the west front was the symbol of the Unity. The whole building was a cross. The high altar, with its wealth of decoration, an-

nounced the belief in the Real Presence. The solemn crypt below represented the under-world, the soul of man in darkness and the shadow of death, the body awaiting the resurrection." "The Gothic cathedral seems a waste and prodigality of power that fairly bewilders us. Yet we cannot call it a waste, for it was built as an offering to the glory of the Most High God."

In England, Gothic architecture underwent a similar development to that on the continent; but the different stages are known under different names. The Romanesque architecture of Germany is represented by the round-arched Norman style, as seen in Waltham Church, the Temple Church, London, and the older parts of Winchester, Canterbury, Norwich, and Peterborough Cathedrals. In the later portion of these structures the true-pointed arch is introduced, and Early English Gothic, in its greatest purity, is seen in the majestic York Minster and Westminster Abbey. A noble example exists also in Salisbury Cathedral, of which the west front is shown in the cut on page 20.*

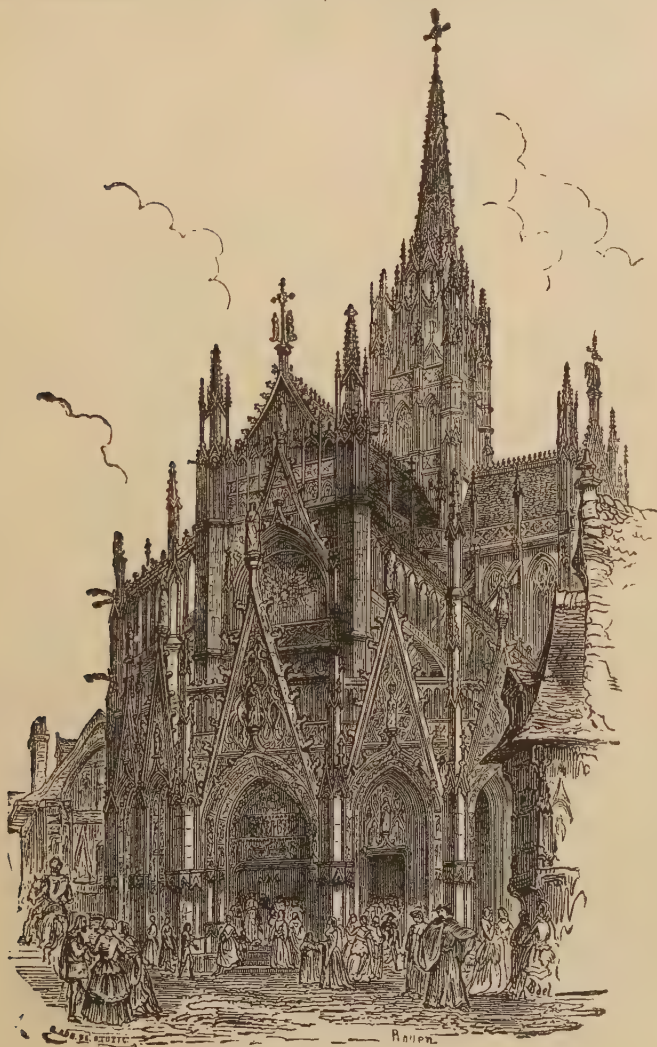
In the fourteenth century a richer treatment is introduced, aiming at more splendid effect, known as the Decorated Style, as in the choir of York Minster and in Melrose Abbey. In the fifteenth century this passes into the Perpendicular Style, in which the window tracery is wonderfully intricate, and upright lines predominate, and frequently a depressed or ugly "Tudor" arch is used. This style is seen in its utmost splendour in Henry VII.'s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, in Christ Church and College, and St. Mary's, Oxford.†

The great advantage of Gothic over every other style of architecture is its wonderful flexibility and adaptation, not merely to ecclesiastical structures, but to every conceivable kind of building. In France, Belgium, and Germany, it was largely employed in the construction of those guild-houses, hotels de ville, and rath-houses or council chambers, which attest the vigour of civic life. The cut on page 18 shows a favourite type of Flemish town-hall. More elegant still, are those at Brussels, Louvain, Ghent,

* St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, and Christ Church at Montreal, are fine examples of this style. The Metropolitan, Toronto, and North Street Church, London, belong rather to the Decorated Style.

† See cuts in June and July numbers, 1880, of this Magazine. Holy Trinity and Little Trinity, and Trinity College, Toronto, are in this style.

Bruges, Rouen. The Ducal Palace in Venice is one of the most exquisite Gothic structures in the world. Among its most famous modern applications are the Parliament Buildings at London, and, in our own country, the Commons' House at Ottawa

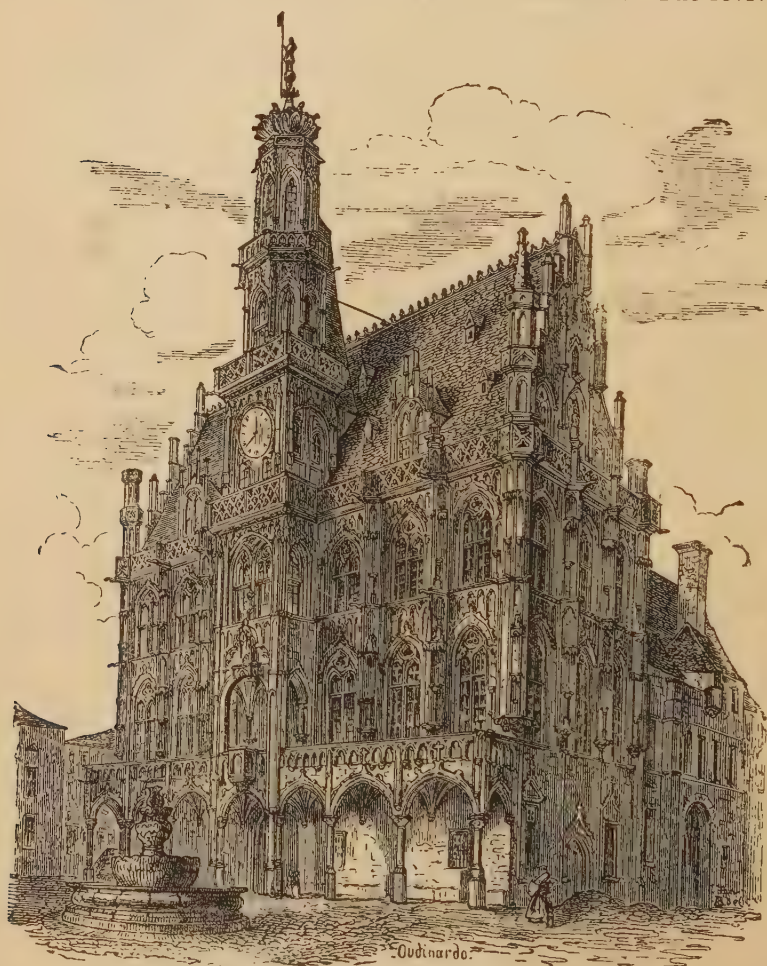


CHURCH OF ST. MACLOU, ROUEN.

and the University of Toronto, the two finest Gothic structures on the continent. There is about this style a perennial freshness of interest of which one never tires. Like Cleopatra's beauty, "age-

cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety." No two details are alike, whereas, in classic architecture there is a wearisome and endless iteration of precisely the same features.

In the fifteenth century began that wonderful revival of the old classic spirit in art known as the Renaissance. The revival



TOWN HALL AT OUDENARDE.

of letters, the fall of Constantinople, the invention of printing, the Protestant Reformation—all conduced to that mental emancipation which led to the abandonment of mediæval art principles, and the creation of a new art by the adoption, with vital

modifications, of the principles of classic times. In Italy, where these principles had longest survived, they first came again to life.* A galaxy of great artists achieved such success that Renaissance art soon overspread all Europe, and has almost ever since ruled the world. Brunelleschi, Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci, by their mighty achievements, set a pattern for all time. The greatest of these *chefs-d'œuvre* was the construction of St. Peter's at Rome :—

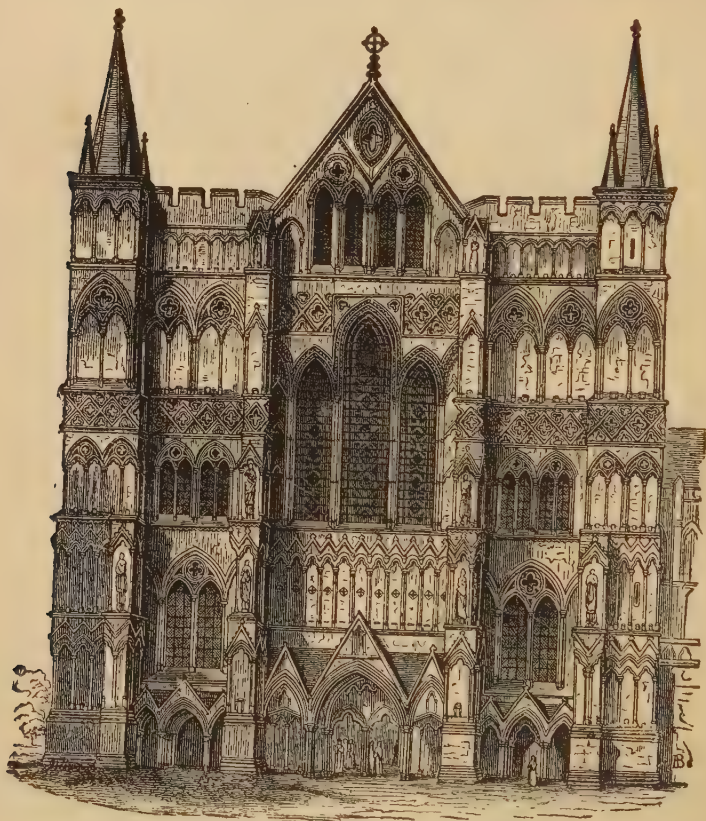
But lo ! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell.

On this was lavished the wealth of Catholic Christendom, to the extent of \$60,000,000, and no wonder that a magnificent pile was the result. "But," says Lubke, "this vast creation was fatal to the development of architecture, since it gave the first precedent to that arbitrary caprice which eventually produced the baroque style"—the latter being the very corruption of a corrupt style. Of the late Renaissance are the Louvre and Tuileries of Paris, and the Chateau of Versailles—the creation of a selfish despotism, and overladen with meretricious ornament, which symbolised the moral corruption of the times.

The Renaissance won nobler triumphs in painting than in either architecture or its twin sister, sculpture. Painting, in Italy, had never been divorced from architecture as it had been in the north, and in the creation of a religious art it was to win

* "Venice," says Ruskin, in his seer-like manner, "as she was once the most religious, was in her fall the most corrupt of European States, and was in her decline the source of the Renaissance. A warning seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves that beat, like passing bells, against the stones of Venice : ' God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.' Through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, the white dome of St. Mark's has uttered in the dead ear of Venice : ' Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' " "Gothic architecture," he says elsewhere, "confesses Christ ; Classic architecture denies Christ." The Renaissance he likens to the Hazael, who dipped the cloth in water and laid it upon the face of the dying king.—Gothic architecture. "Gothic," he says, "is not only the best, but the only rational architecture, being that which can fit itself most easily to all services, vulgar or noble. I plead for it . . . not only because it is lovely, but because it is the only form of faithful, strong, enduring, and honourable building in such materials as come daily to our hands." See his eloquent book on the "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

its grandest triumph. Sculpture lends itself less freely to Christian ideas than painting. The Greek statues will forever remain the masterpieces of sculpture. But they depict chiefly the sensuous beauty of the undraped human form, as in the ceaseless repetition of the various types of Venus, Diana, Apollo, and Bacchus, or the stern strength of Mars, or Hercules, or Jove. Christian sculpture represented only chaste figures, clothed from



WEST FRONT OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

head to foot, and attained only a comparatively rude technical execution. But its types were almost infinitely varied, and the great cathedrals were a grand *Te Deum* in stone, in which the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the blessed choirs of saints

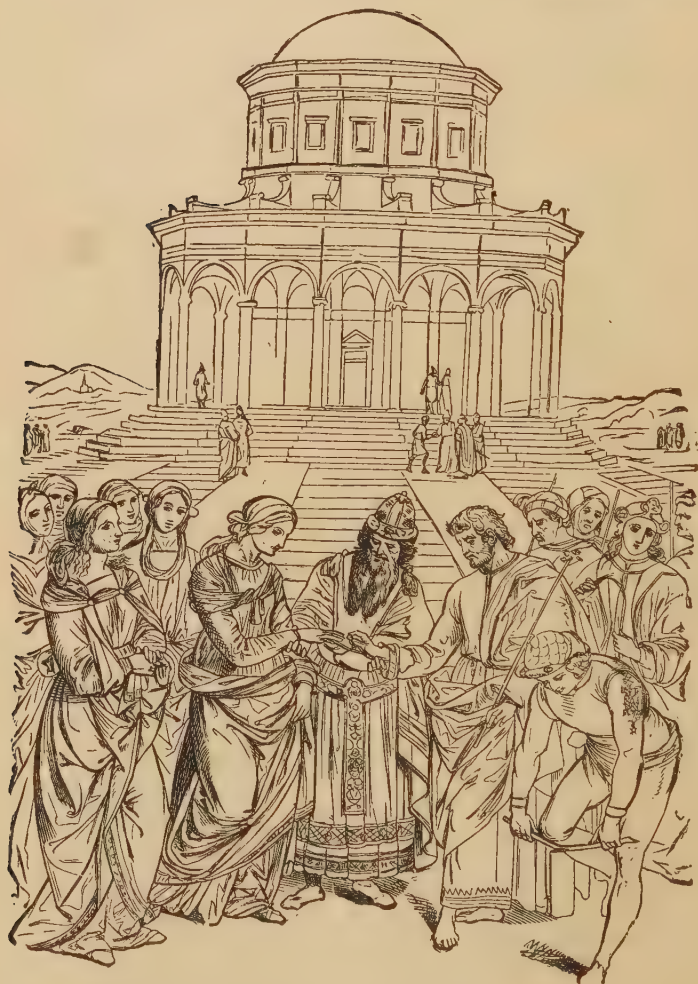
and angels, the cherubim and seraphim, and all the hierarchy of heaven conspired to praise God.

The greatest painter, not only of the Renaissance, but of all time, is Raphael. Michael Angelo was probably the greater genius—great alike in every department of art. But he delights rather in rugged strength than in beauty. His pictures have the air of gigantic sculptures. His “Last Judgment,” and ceiling paintings in the Sistine Chapel failed to impress me as other than a grand *tour de force*, whose chief object seemed to be the display of the Master’s skill in the fore-shortened representation of the human figure in every possible attitude of contortion. The Creator is a Pagan Jove, not the Christian All-Father; and Angelo’s statues—his famous David, Moses, and Night and Day, seem like the rugged work of some pagan Titan.

Raphael, on the contrary, breathes the very essence of Christianity—saintly purity, love ineffable, gentleness, and ruth. In over fifty Holy Families he repeats, but without sameness, the touching story of the Virgin Mother’s love for the Divine Child—a theme of which the devout soul will never grow tired. Nor did he lack a lofty dignity and even sublime majesty of style. His paintings in the Vatican, Baedeker asserts, are “unquestionably the noblest works of modern art in existence.” Moreover, he won his immortal fame before the age of thirty-seven. Michael Angelo lived and laboured to the good old age of eighty-nine. Raphael’s works are found in the principal galleries of Europe, kingdoms contending for the honour of their possession. In the Kensington Museum are the cartoons of his famous New Testament scenes. After the Flemish weavers, for whom they were made, had used them as patterns for a tapestry, they were thrown aside, and, after a century’s neglect, were rescued by the good taste of Rubens and Charles I., and brought to England, the poor frayed and faded fragments glued together, and made the chief decoration of a royal palace. For a single painting by the master-hand a million francs have been refused.

We present herewith outline sketches of two of his famous paintings, which represent the originals somewhat as a map of Switzerland represents the glories of the Alps. The Betrothal of the Virgin, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, is in his earlier manner. The composition is admirable and symmetrical. The Temple is in the background, represented by a Renaissance church.

The high priest holds out the hand of the Virgin to receive the ring from Joseph. According to the legend, Joseph was chosen from a number of suitors by the miracle of his rod budding, while theirs did not. In the painting, two of the courtly suitors



BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN, BRERA GALLERY, MILAN.

are breaking their rods, while the austere and homely Joseph bears the token of his Divine selection.

In Raphael's later style is the famous St. Cecilia, at Bologna, to see which many tourists, as did the present writer, make a

pilgrimage to the quaint old mediæval city. "St. Cecilia, the central figure, has hushed her music to listen to that of the angelic choirs above. Different musical instruments lie broken at her feet. Behind her stand St. John and Augustine in sacred converse. St. Paul leans on his sword—his constant attribute



ST. CECILIA, RAPHAEL, BOLOGNA.

in art—with his head upon his hand in deep contemplation. The Magdalen is entirely unsympathetic, while Saint Cecilia, with rapt attention, drinks in the heavenly harmony." The *naïveté* with which the celestial choir is represented will be observed. We have sometimes in this early art seen angels depicted as playing upon a violin, and various other musical instruments.

METHODISM A POWER IN SOCIETY.*

BY REV. WM. ARTHUR, M.A.

I TAKE it for granted that in the title of this paper the term society is meant to include all groups whatever of human beings in which man has to live and act in common with his fellow men. We have here to do with somewhat other than the butterfly notion of society, which regards only the drawing-room, the dining-room, and the ball-room. Society in our view embraces at one extreme the most intimate relation existing between human beings, that, namely, of the wedded pair, who are but one; and embraces at the other extreme that relation which is at one and the same time the most distant and yet the one involving stupendous moral issues to the greatest number, namely, the relation of nation to nation or of one nation to all the rest. In the bond that unites into one a man and a woman we have the germ of all human society; and in the relations that bind nation to nation we have its ultimate development.

When, therefore, we speak of purifying and elevating society we must take into our view the social duties arising out of the conjugal relation and out of those other domestic relations which flow from it, namely, the parental, the filial, and the fraternal relation. We must further take into view all the social duties which arise out of such relations as in the system of Christianity are but extensions of the fraternal relation—the relations, namely, of neighbour, of fellow-townsmen, of fellow-countryman, of fellow in craft or calling and finally of fellow-man. We are not permitted by the Gospel to hold that any man, however separated from us in nation, religion, or manners, is a person with whom we have no tie of kindred. We are not indeed permitted to regard him, however far removed, as farther removed than a brother fallen and in a far country, a brother over whose character we may mourn, but over whose recovery we should be bound to rejoice.

We find society, then, in the carriage where the young couple sit for the first time side by side as husband and wife. We find

* An address delivered at the Œcumenical Conference, in City Road Chapel, London, England, September, 1881.

society again in the nursery where brothers dwell and sisters meet. We find society on the lawn or on the village green where children romp. We find it where the school hums and the fair dazzles the boys and diverts the upgrown. We find it at the family table, in the friendly party, in the great reception, in the national gala. We find it in the knot of cronies around the smithy-fire or the ale-bench. We find it in the barrack-room, the ship's fore-castle and the ship's cabin. We find it, too, in the market, the exchange, the shareholder's meeting, the chamber of commerce, and the director's board. We find it in the gambling-den, in the prayer-meeting, and in the public sports. We find it in the hall of legislature, in the court of justice, in the congress of diplomatists, in the conclave of the Vatican, in the meetings of potentates and kings. In all these several positions a human being stands to human being in relations wherein by his mode of dealing with his fellows he may make them happier or less happy; often may make them better or less good; while at the same time by the same dealing he may make himself either better or worse.

The association of two children for a single day involves a relation out of which may arise a life-long fellowship or a spite durable as their days. The association of two nations in a single transaction or at one point of territory involves a relation out of which may arise all the unspeakable moral issues involved in a war.

When, therefore, we speak of purifying and elevating society the terms are so large that they lead us to think of a purified and elevated discharge of every duty arising out of any social relation whatever, from the relations of wedlock up to those of empire with empire. It is the mission of the Christian Church viewed on its social side to bring about a purified and elevated discharge of all such duties. And as a portion of that Church Methodism has been called to do its part in fulfilment of this benign mission.

It is admitted on all hands that the age in which Methodism took its rise was one in which society taken in every sense abounded in moral evils. The mode in which this new form of Christian energy grappled with those evils was not by special organizations directed against that vice. It aimed at making good men and good women, assured that every one of

these would become the centre of moral forces repelling evil in society and attracting good. It loudly called on every wrong-doer to repent.

Even where this call was unheeded it awoke a consciousness that the rebuke was well merited. But wherever it was obeyed the turning from his ways of one evil doer conveyed a rebuke to his fellow-sinners—a rebuke more penetrating than words could give and one which coupled condemnation of sin with an example of emancipation from its thralldom. In the society to which every converted sinner belonged his new life operated as a lever for its purification and elevation. And the total purifying and elevating force exerted in any one neighbourhood by Methodism would always be closely proportioned, first to the numbers who were converted by its instrumentality and secondly by the degree of holy living attained to by such converts.

All the miners in a gang, all the colliers in a pit, all the soldiers in a company, all the labourers on a farm, witnessing the new life of one or two comrades, would be conscious of a new sort of moral appeal addressing itself to their sense of right and wrong. And so in any group of men in business or professions or in any social circle, the change of some acquaintances from a vicious life to a godly one would send rebukes shooting into many consciences, and even if these rebukes were resented they would tend to form a moral sentiment higher than would have existed had they never been felt.

In proportion to the frequency of conversions would always be the iteration of such practical appeals to conscience and in that proportion also would be their cumulative effect in creating a higher moral tone. But one man pre-eminent for righteousness, one whose happy, blameless, benevolent, useful living rose far above the common level even of religious people would in this respect produce more impression on a neighbourhood than would a considerable number of sincere but stumbling Christians. Of such bright and warm-hearted servants of God and man the Methodist revival ever and anon raised up examples which were fair to look upon; men who made their careless neighbours say in their hearts: "If there be little in other people's religion, there is realty in his." And this effect once produced in any mind, not only are the ideas of duty and

virtue arrayed to that mind in new forms, but they are connected with the supreme spring of motive, the remembrance of God. The great sinner converted into a believer was in popular language the monument of grace. But a still greater monument—one whose long-sustained influence commemorated the sufficiency of grace in all the changes of life—was the man whom the young had always known as a saint, whom the old hardly remembered as a worldly man, and whom old and young would trust as the friend of all, the enemy of none; a man whose presence made a sinful action appear as something which could not be just then done.

Doubtless there were to be found among the Methodists examples of the sour moralist or perhaps, by exception exceedingly rare, of the cynical one; but such men were not of the Methodist type and rather limited than extended the moral effect of the movement. It was the men and women who were happy in their holiness and holy in their happiness who among the Methodists, as in every branch of the Church, effectively fulfilled their mission in purifying and elevating society.

When the spectacle opposed to daily observation in a neighbourhood became that not only of a holy man or of a holy woman but of a couple walking together in holiness and ordering their house so as to make it to their own children the brightest spot on earth, and a spot from which it seemed not hard to go to heaven, and to make it to the common conscience of the neighbourhood an example of such a home as, were it copied everywhere, would make the earth the tranquil abode of a happy household; when the spectacle took this form the moral sentiment of the neighbourhood was insensibly, but in a very high degree, purified and elevated. Homes where family affections, family virtues, family instruction, family training are animated by the love of God and man; homes where all these bask in the warmth of a domestic hearth, which, lighted by fire from heaven, is fed with fuel drawn from all the accessible fields of earth, easily become generating centres of social power, centres where is generated that kind of power that purifies and elevates. Of all the good soldiers who in the Methodist ranks have fought against sin, fought for righteousness and peace, how large has been the proportion who traced back their impulse and decision so to spend their days to the

happy influence of home, sweet, sweet home. In that one community wherein meet together parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, lies the germ of all institutions whereof the ruling elements are authority, law, order, obedience, equal rights, and a common interest. Methodist moral influence was first and most largely personal; it was also domestic; but from the first it further and in a form altogether its own became social.

Even in Christendom what men call company had been generally devoted only to eating, drinking, and amusements. If men when they meet in company abstained from trying to make one another silly or wicked, if they did not either stimulate themselves or tempt others to conduct or speech of questionable tendency, if they avoided profanity, gambling, intemperance, and indecorum, they were taken to have carried social morals to a high level. In fact one of the most frequent and most accepted pleas in mitigation of blame for misconduct was "company." For men to meet in company in order to make one another wiser and better was looked upon as belonging rather to the exotic culture of a few philosophers or ascetics than to every-day institutions for common men and women.

Early amid the movements of the Methodist revival sprang up a new form of company. Common men and women, common youths and maidens, met together in small companies on purpose to help one another to love God more and serve Him better, to help one another to bear their burdens cheerfully, to do their daily tasks thoroughly, to fight a good fight against all sin, to love their neighbours, and to spread on earth the kingdom of heaven. This fellowship brought out the best ideas of the thoughtful, the most practical maxims of the prudent, the holiest aspirations of the devout and the instructive experiences of all. It thus cleared and broadened for each person his ideal of his individual religious life and at the same time gave him a high conception of what human intercourse might be. It marvellously augmented the self-diffusing force of Methodist moral influence. From the weekly class-meeting went out often as live coals from the altar, souls intent on kindling a fire which earth and hell might strive to quench and strive in vain. For in feeling on the one hand what a blessing human fellowship might be made, and remembering on the other hand how

frequently society wrought the ruin of the young and capable, the Methodist did not regard his own happier lot as due either to personal merit on his part or to a partiality on the part of God for him above other men. He believed that he, a sinner, had found grace, and that similar grace without price and without stint was free for all sinners.

This persuasion of the freeness of grace for all was one important limb of that compound lever which Methodist moral influence brought to bear for the elevation of society. A related limb of the same compound lever was the persuasion that the laws and precepts of Christianity were intended to be practically carried into life and action, and that the grace of God was of sufficiency equal to that practical end. No man was so far fallen as to be below the reach of the grace of God. No precept was so high up as to be above the reach of the grace of God. Therefore did the Methodist aim at purifying not here and there a few, but the whole human race; and aimed also at elevating it even to the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

And the work of forwarding this purification and elevation was not merely professional or official. Each member who had the fire in him found his own sphere for action somehow. The work of the pastor and teacher was one; that of the private member another. The spontaneous action of private members was the measure of the diffusive force of the central power.

Another agent was the itinerant character of the ministry, by means of which an influence intense at any one point was carried over wide surfaces. The periodical appearance in a quiet country town, in a lone farm-house, or among pioneer settlers in newly-opened tracts of a bold witness against prevalent sins and a fervent advocate of every neglected virtue was a social power of no small account. The homes into which these travellers were received on their rounds were often of the humblest; and not unfrequently were they the first in their neighbourhood to rise out of the level of their class and begin a movement upward. In homes of a different class it often appeared that the one which received the preacher on his round was the one where first hospitality ceased to be connected with intemperance and whence first there went out through the vicinity an influence in favour of purer family life.

Another element of moral influence that operated silently,

but profoundly, was the discipline exercised in the Methodist Churches over both ministers and members. Men will fall, and the common conscience, recognizing this fact, does not condemn a system merely on account of lapses on the part of some adherents, unless the system covers them. But so often had the spectacle been exhibited—one directly tending to demoralize a community—a spectacle of a minister fallen from Christian morals, and yet upheld by Church authority in charge of the souls and morals of a community—so common, indeed, had this spectacle long been in the non-Reformed Churches, and so frequent had it become in the Reformed ones, that the public conscience, though never at rest on the subject, had almost ceased to revolt. The evidence which soon came to light that if in the Methodist Churches a minister fell he could by a discipline of easy procedure and prompt issue be deposed was in itself no small contribution towards forming a conscience on the consistency of public men. And as to private members, when the neighbours of a man found that his life no longer responded to his profession and began to think ill of the Church, they sometimes learned that she had required him to choose between his sins and her fellowship, and that on giving proof that he adhered to his sins he had been severed from that fellowship, whereupon they began to feel a new moral impression, an impression that with some Christianity was in earnest.

Methodist moral influence has always been essentially personal. By no means ignoring the value of good institutions, much less of good laws, it has all along assumed that both institutions and laws are fruits of the moral qualities of the people among whom they spring up, and has all along heard behind it a voice, saying: "Make the tree good and the fruit will be good also." It has assumed that good men and women will call for and originate good institutions and good laws; and that when worked by bad men and women the best institutions become corrupt and when guarded by such the best laws lapse into dead letter. Methodism has not so much concerned itself with settling the lines of the structure as with furnishing the living stones out of which on one set of lines or another could be built an habitation of God through the Spirit.

But in developing personal activity institutions lapsed or even lost, rose in one case out of defaced if not crumbling re-

mains, in others out of their embers. The ministry of the Gospel, laden with titles, raiment, and fatness of earthly good, had come to be generally regarded as a profession with many prizes and calling for slender gratifications and next to no self-sacrifice. A ministry arose, subsisting on a pittance and toiling as workmen toil; a ministry in which eminence led to no worldly position or political rank; a ministry in which the return for great services rendered was with greater love and respect only the demand for more service. Out of this ministry sprang a branch reaching forth to foreign missions, and whether men of the world hated or liked the object of the worker at home, of the adventurer abroad, they often felt that he was a man giving to a public interest talents and an amount of toil which if only given to his private interests would raise him to prosperity. The effect of this spectacle was not small on men in secular pursuits; its effect on the Christian ministry viewed as a whole in all nations was exceedingly great. It would be hard to describe, in the course of time, a purification and elevation more signal than that which characterizes the Christian ministry all over the world at this moment as compared with its character and repute when first the Churches were shut against John Wesley.

Out of the merest embers of the primitive Christian order—embers hardly allowed to live by clerical assumptions—arose the old institution of what is called lay agency. This big word only means that it was not considered in Methodism that the ordinary particles of leaven should leaven all, fermenting and spreading to certain dignified particles selected in proportions of one in a thousand, or one in ten thousand. So the ordinary particles began to move, instinct with a life that gave no reasons and that heeded no rebukes; to move because the mass in which they lay hidden was capable of being leavened and of becoming one whole and wholesome lump; to move because the life was in them, the inert mass around them and they must move; to move, not by the rules and successions of a carnal commandment—a thing of order and genealogies—but by the power of an endless life, of that endless life which at its point of fullness in the great High Priest overflows into all His members.

Out of this recovered life sprang a vast and multiform ac-

tivity, personal yet often grouped, local, yet everywhere reproduced, spontaneous, yet speedily making its own organization, and after a long while the world awoke and called it lay agency. But during the whole time the effect had been silently going on upon the general mind of a spectacle in which swarms were seen all astir, running to and fro, preaching, teaching, visiting the sick, gathering in children off the streets, making books, lending them, giving them away, rearing buildings, making garments, sitting in committees, breaking out in new and unexpected places and forms of activity; swarms that not only improved the sunny hour, but faced the east wind and the snowstorm, swarms which, when their cells were built and their honey gathered, had plainly toiled not to laden their own board with sweets, but to sweeten the lifebread of others. When men of the world saw the stonemason and the shopkeeper, the doctor and the merchant, the attorney and the manufacturer, devote the strength left from daily toil to toil for others without fee or reward, just doing the work for love of it, and not only doing it, but spending on it much of their own hardly-earned money, the observers might dislike the men, they might despise the work, but they could not help seeing in this prodigious outlay of unpaid labour, for the building of the living temple, the healthy spectacle of effort elevated by an idea, and that idea one tending to the purification of society.

"A power," says the title of this paper—a power often transmits itself by hidden shafts and strikes out at a distance, even within enclosures walled off from the sight of the firing process by which the power is generated. How often have walls high and thick been put up to prevent the polite public from learning that this highly-lauded worker and that beneficent work, though operating within unobjectionable enclosures, were debtors to the vulgar Methodist firing-house for the power. All that we have to do in presence of such weaknesses is to smile and to overcome by carefully noting and confessing our own debts, whether as individuals or whether as denominations, to all the servants of our blessed Lord who bear other names and to all branches of His universal Church, no matter of what nation or of what rites. We are, in very truth, debtors to all, to some debtors in much and immensely, and we shall always do more for the purifying and elevating of society by showing

a ready mind in acknowledging our debts to our fellow-servants than by seizing them by the throat if they appear disposed to deny their debts to us.

When society in Africa underwent for all future time that pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the banner of the slaver, became the pavilion of the captive, much of the power behind Wilberforce was contributed by Methodism. When society in Asia underwent the pregnant change which took place when the flag of England, from being the protection of the suttee pile became the protection of the widow, some part of the power behind Lord William Bentinck was lent by Methodism. And so in all efforts, whether by pure literature or good schooling, by kindly upward associations, by generous international sentiment, by city missions, by Bible-women, or by sick visiting much of the power, first in the form of the life impulse, then in that of the tentative efforts, and always in that of willing workers have been contributed by Methodism.

But on these points I do not dwell. They are not to be forgotten in history, but their value to us would be worse than lost if we referred to them, either as boasting of ourselves or as abating one jot of the just praise due to our fellow Christians. The value of these facts to us is this—and that value is great—they show us that when power from on high is received into humble hearts the reach of its operation is not bounded by fences, either social or ecclesiastic; they show us that if with our present numbers—and numbers are the measure of the fuel though not of the power—we receive from the flame that burns before the throne as much fire as did our fathers, the power generated will travel into the inmost courts of citadels walled up to heaven and there in one form or another work wonders to the praise of God.

Methodist moral influence has in some measure affected many races of men. Some of the master races it has scarcely approached. The potent old Arab race has barely felt its touch; the wide-spread and even yet mighty old Berber race we may say not at all; the Slav and the Tartar races in only indirect ways or in the measure of a mere commencement; the Greek race only indirectly; what is absurdly enough called the Latin race to an extent directly which is already traceable, and indirectly

to a much greater degree though to one which as yet is really naught in the eye of the politician or of those philosophers whose wisdom estimates actual processes only by the test of long manifest results.

On the Hindu and the Chinese races the action of Methodism directly is still both of recent origin and limited extent. The fields on which its operation has been most powerful have been among three races of wide diffusion and gigantic capabilities—the Anglo-Saxon race, the African race, and the Polynesian race. When the work of Methodism began these three races might be taken as representing the three elevating and purifying forces constantly preached to us by those who think they know and that we only dream. These three forces are the life, irresistible improver, the very name of which may account for anything; and nature, enchanting governess, who fails not to train in her nursery children of ærial innocence; and finally civilization, that wondrous professor, in whose college irresistible lights combine to make all sons wise and all fathers glad.

The ancient African race had seen all that age could of itself do for us—it was old, very old when the name Anglo-Saxon had never been pronounced or printed. The Polynesian race had enjoyed all the benefits of the gentle tuition of nature in her fairest attire. The Anglo-Saxon race stood high among the pupils of civilization, whether regarded from a national or a municipal, from an industrial or a literary, from a commercial or scientific, from a military or courtly point of view. Yet what were these races as touching social virtues when Methodism arose? The Anglo-Saxon country gentleman, brave, free, sincere, was often a coarse sot; the Anglo-Saxon crowd, in general law-abiding, was one of the rudest of human mobs; the Anglo-Saxon colliers of Kingswood and Newcastle, of Wednesbury and Madeley, were among the roughest boors alive. And the child of nature in Polynesia, instead of being akin to sylphs and zephyrs was nearer akin to the furies as a savage. And the heir of all the ages in Africa was in every act a child and in every social arrangement needing to begin.

Among these three races, then, Methodism has laid out the main part of its strength. It has dealt with the Anglo-Saxon on the ancestral soil where it tills its few narrow acres under the guidance of an ancient monarchy. It has dealt with it

beyond the ocean where amid recent wilds it gazed out into boundless openings and expands under the guidance of a young republic. It has dealt with it in British colonies, in Australia, in British North America, and Southern Africa. It has dealt with it in colonies of pure Englishmen-Americans struggling with nothing but nature, in colonies mixed as between English (or Americans) and French in Canada and Louisiana, as between English and Dutch at the Cape. It has dealt with it in free settlements where slavery never appeared. It has dealt with it in mixed plantations where Anglo-Saxon and African stood to one another in the relative position of slave and slave-owner. It has dealt with it where the Anglo-Saxon settler dwelt side by side with aboriginal races mixed with red Indians or Zulus, with cannibal Maories in New Zealand, or recently Christianized cannibals in Fiji. It has dealt with it under all its strangely various phases and will yet have to deal with it in new phases which we do not now foresee, but which its extending relations with other races will bring into view. But in one posture just alluded to will it, we may confidently believe, never more have to deal with the Anglo-Saxon—a position of a slave-owner authorized by law. As to this race what has been accomplished in the past is sufficient to encourage effort for the work that has to be done in the future; but that work is yet far too vast to allow us to waste time in boasting of things done or to allow us to forget where our strength lies.

With the African race Methodism has had to deal both in its fatherland and in the colonies of the West Indies and the States of America. In the two last it has had to deal with it in the day of bondage, in the day of emancipation, and now in the day of settled freedom. Of it again we may say that what has been done is sufficient to encourage us as to the vastly greater work that remains to be done.

With the Polynesian race we have had to deal with it in its native state of savagism and now in various degrees of a Christianized condition and of settled government. Of it, as of the other two, we may affirm that what God has wrought warrants us to work on with good hope that there are good things in store for the labourers who shall take up our toil.

MISSIONARY HEROES.

FELIX NEFF, THE PASTOR OF THE HIGH ALPS.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

It was with a great throb of the heart that the present writer first beheld the snowy range of the Cottian Alps. There they lay, with their sharp serrated outline cut like a cameo against the deep blue of the sky. Like a huge serpent in many folds wound the road. Higher and ever higher crawled the carriage, giving broader, grander views over a sea of mountains at every turn. The pinacled crags revealed in their tortured strata the energy of the primeval forces by which they were heaved high in air. The mountain villages clung like eagles' nests to the face of the cliffs, and down the mountain sides leaped foaming torrents, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face." The far-off, lone, and inaccessible heights seemed the very acme of the majestic and sublime, and suggested thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens.

A heightened interest was given to these majestic scenes by the reflection that these mountain solitudes and Alpine valleys had been for a thousand years and more the sanctuary of true religion. The fidelity and valour of the Vaudois and Waldensian peasants defended their faith against the assaults and persecutions of popes and kings and armies for age after age. In the Val Louise in 1393 one hundred and fifty of the inhabitants were burned alive for their religion. In 1498 twenty thousand Papal soldiers invaded the valley. Many of the inhabitants took refuge in a great cavern on the slope of Mont Pelvoux, but the soldiers let themselves down with ropes to the mouth of the cavern where they built a great fire to suffocate the wretched refugees. Four hundred children were afterwards found in the cave, stilled in the arms of their dead mothers, and not less than three thousand persons were thus ruthlessly destroyed. An embattled wall in the neighbourhood is still known as the

* This paper is based chiefly on Smile's History of Felix Neff, and on a Life of Neff, published by the Religious Tract Society.

"the wall of the Vaudois." * Says Smiles, "there is scarcely a hiding-place along the mountain sides but has some tradition relating to those dreadful times." If those caves had voices what deeds of horror they could tell!

In 1655, what is known as the Easter Massacre thrilled all Europe with horror. For a week the army of Savoy slaughtered the helpless Vaudois. "Cromwell, the Lord Protector of England," says Carlyle, "was melted into tears, and roused into sacred fire." He contributed £2,000 from his private purse for the persecuted Vaudois, and appointed a day of humiliation, and made a collection throughout the realm, by which £38,000 was raised. † He compelled France and Savoy to do justice to the Vaudois, and Admiral Blake threatened to make the English guns heard in the Castle of St. Angelo. Milton's noble sonnet commemorates forever the cruelty of Rome and the noble sympathy of England:

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

After the death of Cromwell, for more than a hundred years, the Vaudois continued to be bitterly persecuted, and as late as 1767 a Vaudois pastor was condemned to death for preaching to his scattered flock. Small wonder that, without pastors or teachers, religion came to be to these mountain folk more

* The persistence of tradition is also shown by the name *La Porte de Hanibal*, given to a gap in the mountain through which it is averred that the Carthaginian conqueror passed into Italy in 218 B.C.

† At the Restoration, Charles II. seized this fund and refused to pay the annuity assigned by Cromwell to the Vaudois, because he "would not pay the debts of an usurer!"

a tradition than an actual living faith. "One scarcely expects," says Smiles, "to find the apostle of the High Alps who should restore its primitive piety and exhibit a heroism as great as that of any of the martyrs of the faith, in the person of a young Swiss soldier of artillery." Yet this did Felix Neff, with a nobler valour than that of arms, and left an example of as devoted missionary toil as ever ennobled the Christian name.

Neff was born in Switzerland, in 1798, and passed his childhood with his widowed mother in a small village near Geneva. The stirring stories of Plutarch filled his boyish mind with a noble admiration of the great men and great deeds of olden time. From the village pastor he learned a little Latin and the elements of science—especially botany. He became apprenticed to a gardener, and in his sixteenth year wrote a short treatise, which exhibited much ability, on the nature and management of trees. The following year he was compelled by misfortune to enroll as a private soldier. He served in the campaign of 1815, and in two years reached the rank of sergeant of an artillery corps. Through the evangelical preaching of the Protestant pastors of Geneva, the young sergeant was led to enlist in a nobler warfare than that of arms. A *Life of Oberlin* which fell in his way fired his soul with an enthusiasm to preach the Gospel, and during the rest of his life Neff ceased not to emulate his heroic noble example.*

* Jean Frederic Oberlin, one of the most noted of Swiss Lutheran divines, was born at Strasburg, 1740. After serving as Chaplain in the army, in his twenty-sixth year he became pastor of a poor parish in the bleak mountainous region of Ban de la Roche. His simple piety won the love and confidence of the half-civilized rustics who at first lay in wait to beat him. He devoted the remaining sixty years of his life to their moral and social elevation. He toiled with spade and mattock in instructing them to make roads, drain and cultivate their fields, and improve their dwellings. He established schools for week days and Sundays, circulated the Scriptures, settled lawsuits, and established Bible, Missionary, and anti-slavery societies, and would use himself no slave-grown product. He introduced spinning, weaving, dyeing, and different kinds of manufacture. He is probably the only Protestant pastor to whom the Cross of the Legion of Honour was ever given. When he died in his eightieth year, the whole country mourned his loss. His last message to his people was: "Forget my name and retain only that of Jesus Christ, whom I have proclaimed unto thee. God will neither forget nor forsake thee, my dear parish." His

Neff forthwith began to teach and preach in the barracks, prisons, and hospitals of Geneva the religion which he himself enjoyed. In his twenty-first year he procured a discharge from the army, and extended his ministrations to the villages of the neighbouring Jura Mountains. He devoted himself with energy to theological studies and had soon learned by heart several entire books of the Scripture. In his twenty-fourth year he accepted a call to preach at Grenoble, and afterwards at Mens, in France. He acquired the local *patois* and laboured with the greatest zeal. "I often engage in speaking," he writes, "from five o'clock in the morning to eleven at night. On the Lord's day I frequently travel several leagues, usually preaching six times during the day." The results of these labours were soon seen in a general revival of religion throughout the region.

While at Mens he first heard of the existence of the scattered communities of the Vaudois in the High Alps, and became inflamed with a desire to do for them what Oberlin had done for the poor Protestants of the Ban de la Roche. "I am always dreaming of the High Alps," he wrote to a friend, "and would rather be stationed there than under the beautiful sky of Languedoc." It was, however, necessary that he should first obtain ordination. This he did not seek from the Church of Geneva, which was, in his judgment, tinctured with Socinian heresy. He accepted an invitation to come to London, where he was duly ordained in the Independent Chapel, Poultry. On his arrival at Mens, his old parishioners crowded around him, from the workshops and fields, to embrace him and rejoice at his return. But he heard a voice which he could not resist calling him to the mountains, to become the shepherd of the scattered flock of Christ in their lofty and isolated solitudes.

"There is something," says his biographer, "extremely appalling in the lonely wildness of this elevated region; few scenes present a more entire absence of all the softer features and lineaments of nature. No verdant plains or waving corn-fields diversify its rugged landscapes; nor do fruitful groves adorn

fame as a philanthropist has encompassed the world, and his example has stimulated many besides Felix Neff in efforts to elevate and bless mankind. A University in Ohio, with 1,400 students, commemorates his name and perpetuates his evangelical spirit.

the scene ; all around forms a combination of whatever is dark and sterile, grand and terrific. Vast and gloomy mountains stretch into the horizon, and hide their hoary summits in the clouds ; towering cliffs, and masses of projecting rocks, rise in frowning majesty ; whilst the frozen glacier, with its fantastic crest, the yawning precipice, the resistless torrent, and the impending avalanche, complete the outline of the scene.

“ Embosomed in this mountain wilderness are several valleys, whose appearance is in perfect correspondence with the wild scenery around them. For eight months of the year, some of these valleys experience all the gloom of an Alpine winter. During this long and dreary period, the sun either wholly withdraws his rays, or sheds only a twilight gleam, exhibiting, in dim outline, a boundless region of rocks, precipices, and glaciers, arrayed in one vast mantle of snow. Often the wayfarer becomes suddenly enshrouded in almost midnight darkness ; he is assailed by a storm of mingled snow, hail, and rain ; and shivers beneath the violence of the keen northern blasts, which sweep through mountain and valley with the fury of a hurricane.”

Neff's parish extended over a region eighty miles in length by fifty-three in breadth, and was intersected by gloomy gorges and inaccessible rocky ranges. His mountain flock consisted of six or seven hundred people, living in twelve or fourteen scattered hamlets, chiefly in the valleys of Queyras and Fressinière. He arrived in midwinter, but heedless of snow-storms and avalanches he assembled the young men to cut steps in the ice that the people might climb to the village church.* The worshippers had to carry pine torches to illumine their dangerous path.

“ Nothing daunted,” says Smiles, “ the valiant soldier, furnished with a stout staff and shod with heavy-nailed shoes, covered with linen socks to prevent slipping on the snow, would set out with his wallet on his back across the Col d'Orecières in winter, in the track of the lynx and the chamois, with the snow and sleet beating against his face, to visit his

* One of these mountain paths was so steep that it was called “ The Ladder,” and another was so tortuous that it bore the name of “ The Cork Screw.” For six months of the year the sunlight does not reach the bottom of some of the ravines. Yet rather than live elsewhere the peasants will walk twelve miles to their work and twelve miles back at night.

people on the other side of the mountains." In this service he found a supreme delight. "The rocks, the cascades, nay, the very glaciers," he wrote to a friend, "present a smiling aspect. The savage country became dear to me from the moment its inhabitants were my brethren."

Of the mountain fastness of Dormilleuse, he writes : " For six hundred years, this was the city of refuge for the Christians of these valleys, who had successfully resisted both violence and seduction ; and, during this period, had never crouched before the idols of the Church of Rome, or suffered their religion to be tainted by any of its corruptions. There are yet visible the ruins of the walls and fortresses which they erected, to preserve themselves from surprise, and to repel the frequent assaults of their oppressors. The sublime, yet frightful aspect of this mountain desert, which served as a retreat for the truth when nearly the whole world was shrouded in darkness ; the remembrance of so many martyrs whose blood once bedewed its rocks ; the deep caverns to which they resorted for the purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures, and worshipping the eternal God in spirit and in truth—the sight of all these tends to elevate the soul, and to inspire one with feelings which are difficult to be expressed."

The life of Neff was one of strenuous and incessant toil and mountain travel. A neat cottage had been provided for him, but in his anxiety that none of his parishioners should be overlooked he determined to have no fixed place of abode. From the commencement of his labours till his last illness he never slept three nights successively in the same bed. He lodged in the squalid *chalets* of the peasants and shared their coarse rye bread, of which enough was baked at once to last a whole year. From his meagre stipend of £50 a year he bought books of sermons for the schoolmasters—who received only a *louis* (18s.) for a season of six months *—to read to the congregations during his absence. The poverty of the people was extreme.

* "The schools," says Neff, "are held in dark and damp stables, where the pupils are enveloped in smoke, and incessantly interrupted by the bleating of the cattle and the constant chattering of the people. The scholars also have to defend their copy-books against the hens and the goats, which jump upon the table, and the water is constantly dropping upon them from the roof."

"Copper," says Neff, "is as valuable as gold in other places, and many families are obliged to eat their soup without salt, and sometimes even without bread."

We cannot better describe the labours of this apostle of the Alps than by the following quotation from Smiles:—

"Unresting and indefatigable, Neff was always at work. He exhorted the people in hovels, held schools in barns, in which he taught the children, catechised them in stables. His hand was in every good work. He taught the people to sing, he taught them to read, he taught them to pray. To be able to speak to them familiarly, he learnt their native *patois* and laboured at it like a school-boy. He worked as a missionary among savages. The poor mountaineers had been so long destitute of instruction, that everything had, as it were, to be begun from the beginning. Sharing in their hovels and stables with their squalor and smoke, he taught them how to improve them by adding chimneys and windows, and showed how warmth might be obtained more healthfully than by huddling together in winter-time with the cattle. He taught them manners, and especially greater respect for women, inculcating the lesson by his own gentleness and tender deference. Out of doors he showed how they might till the ground to better advantage, and introduced an improved culture of the potato, which more than doubled the production. Observing how the pastures of Dormilleuse were scorched by the summer sun, he urged the adoption of a system of irrigation. The villagers were at first most obstinate in their opposition to his plans; but he persevered, laid out a canal, and succeeded at last in enlisting a body of workmen, whom he led out, pickaxe in hand, himself taking a foremost part in the work; and at last waters were let into the canal amidst joy and triumph. At Violens he helped to build and finish the chapel, himself doing the mason work, smith-work, and carpenter-work by turns. At Dormilleuse a school was needed, and he showed the villagers how to build one, preparing the design, and taking part in the erection, until it was finished and ready for use. In short he turned his hand to everything—nothing was too high or too low for this noble citizen of two worlds."

These self-denying labours soon won the warm hearts of the mountain peasants. They learned to love him as a father and

hung like children upon his words. In his ministry was strikingly and literally fulfilled the language of the prophet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" Many zealous converts were the reward of his toil. "How often," said one of these, "have I braved danger, whilst pursuing the wild goat amongst these precipices! I was careless both of time and trouble. I endured cold, and hunger and fatigue; and hundreds of times my life has been in the most imminent peril, when I have thus recklessly crossed these rugged and frightful rocks. And now, shall I not do as much for Jesus Christ? Shall I pursue eternal life with less ardour? and yet, what comparison is there between these things?"

Twelve young men caught the inspiration of their pastor's zeal, and devoted themselves to the work of preaching,* and teaching in these mountain hamlets. As a preparation for their task, Neff collected them with others at Dormilleuse, and during the enforced leisure of the winter he instructed them in natural philosophy, science, geometry, and geography. The latter study he used as a means to awaken an interest in Christian missions, in which he was eminently successful. This school was held with short intermissions from sunrise to ten or eleven at night, so eager were students to learn and pastor to teach. "My heart," exclaims Neff, "is full of gratitude towards Almighty God, for the abundant blessing he has bestowed upon this work, and also for the degree of strength, both of body and of mind, with which He has enabled me to endure its fatigues!"

During the winter it was often with the utmost peril that the people were able to attend the preaching. One Sunday night an avalanche swept over the path between two separate groups, narrowly missing both. "The villages themselves," writes Neff, "have been often threatened with such a catastrophe. In fact, there are few habitations situated as they are in a narrow gorge of the valley, which have not, at some time or other, been either razed or damaged by this dreadful scourge. It is, however, to these awful visitations that they owe the preservation of their religion, and even of their very existence. If their country had been more easily accessible, and less dangerous

* One of these, Jean Rostan, joined the French Wesleyan Conference, laboured as a missionary in the High Alps, and died in 1859.

as a place of residence, they would have been utterly exterminated, like all the other Vaudois; and this valley, as was the case with Val Louise, entirely repopled by the cruel agents of the Inquisition."

But three years of such devoted labours among the Alpine snows shattered the health of even this soldier-missionary. He was at first afflicted with great weakness of digestion, arising from the use of coarse and improper food, together with the extreme irregularity of his meals; perhaps also, as he himself believed, from the want of proper cleansing of the copper cooking-vessels which are used in those countries. The labour of teaching was very wearisome to him, as were also his journeys over the mountains, at a time when the snow was nearly six feet on the ground, while a hurricane was prevailing for many days without intermission, and the drifts stopped all the passes. He met also with an accident which aggravated his disease. While crossing the fragments of an avalanche his foot slipped, and he received an injury to his knee which for a time made him a cripple. He became almost unable to take food of even the lightest description, and his strength rapidly failed. The necessity of seeking medical aid induced him to make the journey to Geneva. Stopping a while at his old parish of Mens, he preached, sick as he was, several times every Sunday, and conducted every evening a religious service. "Ah," he exclaims, "how my enfeebled body seems to oppress my soul with an insupportable burden."

At length, forbidden to speak and unable to take any solid food, he determined to preach with his pen while his strength yet lasted. And this was his text, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short," and he exhorted with fervour that men should prepare for eternity, "for the fashion of this world passeth away." Neff had little hope of recovery, but at the solicitation of friends he went to the baths of Plombières. The fashionable frivolity of the place stirred his sympathy, and weak as he was—for a year milk had been his only food—he must needs preach to the people. When unable to preach, or even to write, he dictated to his mother, loving exhortations to the peasants of his mountain parish. "My mind is often wandering," he says, "as in a dream across the High Alps, and among the scenery of La Triève. I imagine myself again in

those very places where I have experienced so many delightful sensations, where I have sighed for the conversion of poor sinners, and so often been surrounded by precious souls, anxious to hear the word of salvation. Again I pass through the valleys, and over the mountains, along those little paths which I have so often trodden."

When he could no longer speak, he liked to have his friends visit him. But the excitement soon exhausted him, and pointing to the door, he would intimate his wish that they should retire. He suffered much from the application of "moxas" or burning moss to various parts of his body, and endured the pangs of slow starvation.

Making yet another effort, he dictated what he thought was his dying message to his parishioners:—"I can say, without hesitation, that I would not exchange my present state of trial, for the circumstances in which I was placed for several years, when engaged in the labours of the Gospel; for though my life may have been spent in the service of Christ, and have appeared exemplary to the eyes of men, I can discover so many instances of unfaithfulness, so many things which defile my works in my own eyes, and especially in the eyes of the Lord, that I would rather a hundred times, if I knew that I had thirty years more to live, spend them all on this bed of languor and pain, than recover my health without leading a life more truly Christian, more holy, more sincerely and entirely consecrated to the service of God. Ah! my dear friends, how much time do we lose, how many blessings do we lose, in living so far from God, in levity, in carnal pleasures, and in eagerly pursuing the things that perish! How do these convictions oppress me! I feel them now, and you also will feel them in the day of trial. I cannot repeat the injunction too often; 'Redeem the time;' live unto God in the exercise of faith, of prayer, and of a holy conversation. Dear friends, be of good courage; very soon we shall meet again, where we shall never part. Then we shall remain together for ever! for ever! Dear friends, think well of that, and, far from being afflicted at the thought of a short separation, let us all joyfully unite in singing that beautiful hymn:—

'Tout mon cœur s'enflamme,	L'Eternel lui-meme
Lorsque j'entrevois	Paitra ses troupeaux ;
Des yeux de mon ame	La tendresse extreme
Le grand Roi des rois	Sera leur repos.
Regner en justice,	Sa face adorable
En paix, en douceur,	Les eclairera ;
Et des ses delices	Son regard aimable
Remplir tous les cœurs.	Les enflammera."

"I feel," he said, "as though I could preach these things even in heaven itself."

His sole grief was for his venerable mother who could not dissemble her tears at the sight of his sufferings. He gave all his books away to his friends, with the inscription "Felix Neff, dying, to —," and he underlined passages especially adapted for their use. Still for many weeks he lingered in a dying agony. Yet one more message he sent to his absent friends. The approach of death had nearly obscured his sight. Two persons supported him while with trembling hand, he traced at intervals a last farewell. It filled a whole sheet in straggling irregular lines:—

"Tous... tous les frères et sœurs de Mens... que j'aime tendrement... Adieu ! adieu !... Je monte... vers notre Père en pleine paix... Victoire ! Victoire ! Par Jèsus Christ !" *

For hours he lay in mortal agony, his convulsive struggles causing the death-dews to stand in beaded drops upon his brow. Martyrs at the fiery stake have suffered not so much as he.

One of his friends gazing through his tears ejaculated "Poor Neff!" The dying man fixed his large expressive eyes full of affection on his friend. His lips moved as if in prayer. The watchers by his bed implored "Come ! Lord Jesus ! come quickly ;" and after a few more struggles, the happy spirit entered into rest.

Not since the days of the Master whom he served could the words more truly be uttered—"The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Yet this devoted and self-sacrificing man upbraided himself for not having done more for Christ. "My life," he wrote, "which appears to many to have been so well spent, has been far less actively employed in the cause of the

* All... all the brethren and sisters at Mens, whom I love tenderly.. Adieu ! Adieu !... I ascend to our Father in the full enjoyment of peace... Victory ! Victory ! Through Jesus Christ !"

Redeemer than it might have been. How many precious hours have I squandered away to the neglect of my own soul!" And these are the words of a man whose ardent love and incessant toils for his fellowmen brought him to a bed of death at the early age of thirty-one. What a reproach are they to the years of apathy and indolence of many who with health and strength and wealth, do little for the cause of God. As we read through dimming tears the story of this sublime career so early ended, the words of the Master fall once more in solemn cadence upon our ears, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it"—shall gloriously and forever find it!

THE DEAD YEAR.*

YET another chief is carried
From life's battle on his spears,
To the great Valhalla cloisters
Of the ever-living years.

Yet another year—the mummy
Of a warlike giant, vast—
Is niched within the pyramid
Of the ever-growing past.

Years roll through the palm of ages,
As the dropping rosary speeds
Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

One year falls and ends its penance,
One arises with its needs,
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,
Only telling years for beads.

Years, like acorns from the branches
Of the giant oak of Time,
Till the earth with healthy seedlings
For a future more sublime.

* This poem, by John Savage, is considered by the editor of "The Irish Poets" the finest production of the kind in the English language.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, M.A.

THE Hartz Mountains are situated in North Germany, in the old Kingdom of Hanover. They cover a space of some thousand square miles. The Brocken, the highest point in the Hartz, as well as in all North Germany, is only three thousand seven hundred feet above the sea level. But though less grand than Switzerland the Hartz are vastly too little appreciated and deserve to be better known. For over nine long centuries they have yielded almost untold wealth of silver and gold, and innumerable other metals, and to-day geologists and mineralogists find here an exhaustless study, while all Europe comes to take lessons in mining. Then the student of history finds clustering about these rocks and roads and ruins the weird stories of our Saxon forefathers,—the memories of how Cæsar came even here, and saw, and conquered,—and the brighter pictures of a long line of proud Christian Kaisers wielding from these castled hills the sceptre of a mighty empire. Then the shades gradually gather around the scene and the Hartz become almost buried in oblivion. The poet will find here the central source of old inspiration. Goethe and Klopstock and Schiller breathed this mountain air and gloried in these weird scenes. Here, too, is the central source and culminating point of the most fantastic legends, the most blood-curdling hobgoblin stories, that have been detailed to the little Hanses and Fritzes for centuries back.

My earliest interest in the Hartz Mountains dated back to the first year of my college life, when the professor of natural sciences with his tiny alembic and crucible evolved from the duller substances strange chemical transformations. It was here I learned that almost every possible specimen of metal or mineral was to be found in the Hartz Mountains. Some years later while wearily plodding along through the first stages of German, amid the heat and the bustle of the City of Bremen, my heart leaped for joy in my poor weakly body when a kind friend asked me to accompany him on a foot tour through the

Hartz. I set out on the tramp, and returned after ten days well satisfied with the trip. The time of our trip was in the beautiful month of October, when summer fruits are being brought in, the fields are golden with ripened grains, and the forests are tinged with the colours of an unusually early autumn owing to the excessive heat and dryness of that year—1868.

With this prelude allow me to introduce to you the *dramatis personæ* of our company. Number one is Dr. Hurst, a thin yellow American, professor in the Methodist Mission Institute, then in Bremen, now President of the Drew Theological College at Madison, New Jersey. Number two is Dr. Abel Stevens, the "able" and well-known historian of Methodism, a man in more ways than one, very much like our Dr. Nelles of Victoria University. He was at that time in Europe in search of materials for a work on which he has been engaged for many years, in search also of health, which seems to have failed him, but more especially in search of the angel of sleep, which had scorned his longing eyes in his American home. Number three was a shadow-like edition of the present writer, who was expected very shortly to provide the grave-digger with a job.

We leave the City of Bremen in the night by rail for the old-fashioned town of Brunswick, which we reach very early the following morning. We stretch ourselves on the long benches in the station to sleep away the hour or two that must pass before life is astir in those ancient streets. As soon as we have light enough we take a stroll over the clean-kept pavements, walled with strangely gabled houses, with antiquated projecting windows, so picturesque and romantic, the like of which I had seen only in picture books. However, the mountains are not here, so we hurry on by the very first train to Wolfenbüttel, the antique remains of a very ancient and once very important town. You can wander about its old decayed, shrub-grown wall and city moat; and in the town itself are those strange old sharp-roofed houses, on whose exposed beams many an old inscription is still perfectly legible carved in ancient German characters, as, for instance, "Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and He shall direct thy steps," and scores of others bearing dates far back into the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries.

The chief object of interest of this place is a famous old library of over two hundred thousand volumes of valuable

books and ancient manuscripts. It ranks only after the great libraries of Munich and Vienna, in the catalogue of the world's great collection of literature. Here are fine specimens of ancient MSS. beautifully illuminated, some of them one thousand five hundred years old. Here is the first impression of the Bible, Luther's Bible, in which are many annotations and corrections in his own handwriting, and a very beautiful hand, he wrote too. Here is the old battered leaden inkstand which he flung at the Devil, and his capacious beer glass with thick-knobbed sides which would hold about half a gallon. In answer to a question as to how it came to pass that nearly every museum and library in Germany could show Luther's beer glass, the keeper said that the great Reformer had one given him in every place where he remained any length of time, and that he always left it behind him when he went away. Here we can see also small portraits of Luther and his wife. But we hurry on by train to Harzburg, from which we commenced our mountain trip. The train goes on at such a sluggish rate that we can have a good view of the country through which we are passing, and we rest so long at the little stations, where the conductor must needs drink a pint or two of lager with the station-master and half snooze over a cigar, that we grow familiar with the toy houses of formal little villages, and with the wooden-like youngsters that stand stolid and bare-headed in the blazing sun.

Arrived in Harzburg at last, we dine under a spreading linden, and after Dr. Stevens has had his sleep, we visit a forest of oak trees, said to have been the scene of the Druidical sacrifices of our heathen forefathers, where they offered human beings to Woden and Thor. A fountain now plays amid the spreading foliage, and bands of music charm the thronging visitors. Just above Harzburg is an old ruin, that can be reached by a climb of about forty minutes, called Burgberg. The temple of Woden or Thor once stood there, but Charlemagne destroyed it and built a Christian chapel. Soon we start for the old Imperial City of Gosslar. The rooms we occupy in the Paul's Hotel formed a part of an old watch-tower on the ancient wall; from this point the old fortification stretches in a zig-zag course completely round the town. Towers here and there rear their black heads, while at irregular distances breaks and archways indicate the sites of the old city gates. Along the top of the

walls are now flower and vegetable gardens, the rough masonry is festooned with hanging vines, while the moat serves as a ready-made cut for the modern railway track. Gosslar, the strange old town on the sides of lovely hills, scarcely known excepting as the dull headquarters of a grim mining district, has a long and very interesting history. Nine hundred years ago an imperial city, rich, powerful, residence of emperors and seat of the German Diet. Its neighbouring mines yielded fabulous gold and silver, its watch-towers bristled day and night with bands of trained warriors—a city admirably designed for defence, and so beautifully situated as to charm the finest taste. Four hundred years ago, the city was still great and powerful but has assumed another character. Commercial enterprise has its centre here, grand town-halls, massive store-houses, numerous manufactories, gigantic breweries, have driven away the warlike appearance of things, and merchant princes are honoured instead of the knights of old.

Three hundred years later all has vanished, the ravages of fire and sword have hushed the clatter of industry, the population has melted away, the old halls are silent, the breweries, even, totter in decay, the old gables nod into the street, the carvings on doorpost and archway become blackened and defaced, and the pavement, weary of constant silence, tempts to itself the clinging moss. Walking through the streets you find that they are roughly paved and some not too clean, but the old houses with their carved fronts and high-pitched gables, fringed with ornament and decorated with grotesque figures, the creepers growing over the closed lattices, the solid brass door knockers in the likeness of mermaids, satyrs dolphins, dragons, and griffins, the deep rich colour of the time-stained wood, and the peeps of the hills at the end of the streets lead us on and on over immeasurable and wearying cobble stones.

But here we are at the quaint old Kaiserworth, the residence of the emperors, now an inn fronting the market; the walls adorned with life-size statues of former imperial occupants. Close at hand is the old Stadthaus, or City Hall, this building dates back to the twelfth century, and here we have shown to us the imperial throne and around it instruments of torture such as thumb screws, the beheading swords, and the like. One

thing I thought might well be imitated in later times, that was a sort of wooden cage about three feet square and six feet high in which quarrelsome market-women were locked, with only the head to be seen through a lattice work, until such time as they could converse mildly. In front of the Rathhaus in the middle of the market stands a fountain with several broad metallic basins, its history seems so obscure that tradition only says that it was the gift of the Devil to the city. A lion represents Christ; a dragon, heathenism.

We must not leave Gosslar without visiting the mines, which have been worked for eight or nine centuries, and are worked still, now on a small scale however. A half-hour's walk brings us to the Rounnelsberg, as the mines are called. The old entrance to the mines is through a perpendicular shaft from the top of the hill, now they have tapped the mine from the side. We enter a little house at the entrance, announce our errand, and are invited by the good lady in charge to strip off our outer garments, and she furnishes us with three suits of old cast-off miner's clothes in which we array ourselves preparatory to our descent into the lower regions. I wish I could have had a photograph taken just then of my two companions of travel, both of them are short of stature and the pants and jackets, and hoods of many colours and many patches rendered them rather unclerical. Each is furnished with a lantern and we enter the darkness of the narrow passage; we descend by a small shaft, pass along narrow dripping galleries, hear the heavy thud of the massive beam, the occasional pick of the workman, and the trickle of water; otherwise all is silent save the tramp of our feet. We see many a specimen of sparkling ore; the torchlight is reflected from crystal and spar; we turn a sharp curve, and there in the depth of a cave beside the feeble light of a rush candle we see the glitter of two human eyes. When a little nearer we see the stolid features of a grinning miner's face and out of the features comes the sound "Gluck auf," which means "good luck to you" or something of that sort. After wandering about the interminable passages until weary, though we had seen but a small portion of the underground burrowings, we returned to the daylight and to our respectable habiliments.

We now strap our baggage on our backs and begin our march

up the Oker Valley. Under our feet is the smooth old road the Romans built, overhead a clear blue sky, on either hand tall straight fir trees that stand like soldiers on parade. Onward we plod, our thoughts taking a sombre turn, like the grey clouds which begin to rise above the tree tops. Ghosts of Roman legions and mail-clad warriors chase each other through the mazes of a reverie of chivalric days, when a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder awoke us to modern reality. The rain comes pelting down. We take shelter on the leeward side of the rock; the wind soon veered round and the rain came beating on us, so out we had to turn into the pelting storm. We were in good spirits and didn't mind the wetting as we were not afraid of our starch just then. After a quarter of an hour's march in the rain we reach a little hut, much like a deserted wigwam.

Here we take shelter. Dr. Stevens stretches himself for a sleep, while Dr. Hurst and the writer kindled a fire to dry their clothes. By the time the Dr. has had his sleep the sun was shining again, and the evergreens are sparkling with gem-like drops after the rain. Out we started again up the valley, through a romantic series of varied "mountainettes" tinged with the most delicate gradations of grey, as off-sets to the forest's darker green. On and up we plod, now with rocks rough and moss-grown on either hand, now amid the weird dimness of the fir forest, now under long avenues of fruit trees until we reach a sort of table-land, and the broad picture of the Wiesen or Commons of Zellerfeld and Clausthal opened to our view.

After supper I sat on the door-steps of the inn to observe human nature and to take a lesson in German; my companions were a long, lank, half-starved looking schoolmaster, whose conversation was as abrupt as his stubby pipe was short, and a fat chubby little grocer with a pipe nearly a yard long, who wanted to know everything about America and would believe nothing that I told him. The fussy landlady came and went as her other duties allowed her. After an hour or two's chatting I betook myself to bed. Just as I was about to fall asleep, click, clack came the watchman's tread under our window and the ding-dong of his bell, followed by the loud ringing call:

Horet Ihr Herrn und lasset euch sagen,
Dasz die Glocke hat zehn geschlagen

Bewahret Feuer und auch das Licht
 Dasz dadurch Klin Schaden geschieht.
 Lobet Alle Gott den Herrn !

Or in English—

“ Now hear me say, all ye good men,
 The city clock hath just struck ten,
 Beware of fire, put out your light,
 Lest you some danger should invite.
 Praise the Lord, all ye good men ! ”

Then clatter, clatter go the hurrying footsteps of all loafers toward home. The tall schoolmaster, and the fat grocer and everybody else leave their beer mugs and trot homewards and in five minutes all the town is silent and asleep. At four o'clock in the morning we are startled again from our peaceful slumbers with the ding-dong and—

Der Tag vertreibt die fustre Nacht
 Ihr lieben Herrn seid munter und wacht
 Lobet Gott den Herrn !

“ The day makes gloomy night our town forsake,
 Come, people dear, be jolly and awake.
 Praise the Lord ! ”

The people are out and active very early, they seem to be most of them poor but honest. The children trip off to school at seven o'clock with books and slate under one arm and a great piece of black bread in the other. A herdsman whose acquaintance we made the night before blows his horn and simultaneously the gates of all the house-yards open and out march the wooden cattle, and goats, and sheep, and gather around the man with a horn to be led away to the woods to feed.

As Dr. Stevens was rather unwell, we took a carriage to the foot of the Brocken. On our way we pass through Clausthal, the twin village to Zellerfeld. This whole district is occupied by a mining community. There are bright green fields, beautiful pastures, old timbered houses in gardens full of flowers, with their red-tiled roofs and with creepers twining round them. The sweet air of the mountains adds a freshness to the beautiful scene, but the long row of dark-looking human beings leaving the neat houses to plunge into darkness for the whole of the bright day, seems to throw a gloom over the scene.

Onward we drive through the charming hill-country. My titled companions occupy the inside of the carriage while I choose the seat by the driver for the twofold purpose of better enjoying the scenery and of taking a lesson in German. Thus the morning passed and about noon we reach the Oder bridge, dismiss our carriage and nerve ourselves for the ascent of the Brocken, whose summit we expect to reach before night. We pass over peat-bogs, and through pine forests up to the region of heather and huckleberries, on which last we regale ourselves. A little before evening we reach the summit of the Brockberg, the spot haunted by spectres and witches, bogies and goblins for ages. The evening is exceptionally fine but cold, and we have now something of Swiss-like scenery. The air in the distance seems heavy and foggy, but before we have really taken in the view of the rolling hills and winding valleys below us a thunder storm drives us into what looks like a gigantic Noah's ark perched on top of Ararat.

Here the scene is emphatically prosaic, travellers from everywhere are discussing the good plain food provided, amid the clink of glasses and clouds of tobacco smoke almost as dark as those thunder clouds that had burst outside. In half an hour the storm has passed over, purified the atmosphere, and prepared for us the loveliest picture of Nature's beauty that I had ever seen. Looking towards the west and north we have at our feet Harzburg and other villages of the valley wrapped in sombre shadow, while in and out in every direction run the black lines of public highway lined on either side by endless rows of fruit trees, broad fields stretching mile after mile distinguished from each other only by the different colours of their crops, unbroken by a hut or a barn. Now and then a rock with pine-covered base exposes the grim masonry of an ancient castle. The sun beams on the distant town of Halberstadt. Farther still are the dotted specks on the far-off plains which we learn are Hanover and Brunswick, while away off on the very verge of the horizon is a small black speck called Hamburg. And all this varied picture is set in a gorgeous frame of God's own making, the broadest and most perfect double rainbow that I had ever beheld. One end sinks deep down into that distant valley behind the trees, and the other rests on a gilded hill, while a strange soft light, like that promise of a better

country seems to glorify the valleys and the plains with heaven's own brightness.

In the opposite direction the sun is just setting behind the last retreating clouds of the thunder storm. These piled on each other in snowy pyramids above the evergreen hills seem like gigantic Alps tinged with the wondrous sunset glow. Below all seems dark, but above the moving clouds with ever changing tints of silver and scarlet and gold, suggest to me the walls of jasper and the gates of pearl. I knew not which scene to admire the most, the one where the sad earth was glorified in heaven's light, or the other where earth seemed to be forgotten and heaven opened to view.

The Brocken being the highest point of all this region, is of course exposed to fearful storms, and especially in olden time must have been superlatively wild and fantastic. Thousands of years ago this very savageness led our forefathers to choose it as the altar of their gods and scene of the most awful rites of their bloody superstition. Paganism retained this place as its stronghold long after the land had become Christianized, and now the yells of human victims, the horns and drums of Druid priests, are transformed by the mutilations of tradition into the most fantastic superstitions. The old altar of Crodo their god has become the "Devil's Pulpit," the place of Pagan dances the "Witch's Dancing-place," and the hollow stone where the priests washed away the blood of the sacrifice the "Witch's Wash-basin." Even as late as the times of Charlemagne these places were the scenes of human sacrifice, for during the thirty-two years that he carried fire and sword amongst the old Saxons, determined to convert or extirpate them, his soldiers who were made prisoners and the sentinels of outposts that were surprised, were carried off and sacrificed amid horrid incantations on the top of this very Brocken.

It is here that the famous Walpurgisnacht is now held on the eve of May-day—doubtless the anniversary of one of the olden days of sacrifice—now the time of the witches' frolic when these sprites ride on broom-sticks and he-goats to the old place of sacrifice to hold conclave with their master, Satan.

There is, however, a real spectre connected with the Brocken which may be seen once or twice every summer. This spectre is said to appear at sunset whenever the mists happen to ascend

perpendicularly out of the valley on the side opposite to the sun, and leave the mountain top free from vapour. The shadow of the mountain is reflected against the perpendicular face of the rising vapour as against a gigantic wall. The inn then becomes a palace in size and the human beings on the summit become giants.

Regardless of witches and imps we retire to bed and even the peals of thunder of a midnight storm fail to rouse at least one sleeper on that night. Dr. Stevens told me at breakfast that the sunrise was even superior in grandeur to the sunset, but I can only give his word as voucher for the fact.

After ascending the "Devil's Pulpit," we descend by the famous "Witch's Way." Dark pine forest and blacker harder rock are the characteristics of our road. Here and there are black charcoal pits and heaps, and among them solitary coal-black men rendered grim and ghastly by the glare of the fire, so that there is a real weirdness about it, as onward we pass, perhaps not so swiftly as described by Goethe:—

"Woods, how they vanish from us !
Trees on trees, how fast they fly us !
And the cliffs with antic greeting,
Bending forward and retreating,
How they mock the midnight greeting !
Ghostly rocks grim glaring on us,
Panting, blowing, as they shun us !"

Many of the old stories of the Brocken were really believed by the people, and may be yet for aught I know. For instance until the year 1824 all Middle Germany believed, as they believed the Gospels, that the wild huntsman, Hans Hartung, gigantic in stature, slept in one of the caves of this Brocken, when he was not engaged in some hunting expedition, and woe to the one who should disturb his rest. Of course he had been seen by the learned and unlearned, by good and bad, but his house was so deep and far in the cave, that no one dared to venture beyond the entrance where from a sort of a gallery they tremblingly looked on the gigantic form of the sleeping monster, reddened by the glare of their torches. In the year 1824, however, three rash and presumptuous students from Gossingen—a neighbouring university—dared to plunge into the depths of that cave to try the strength of their walking-sticks

on the redoubtable form of this mammoth monarch of the woods. With all their hammering and poking they could not arouse him, for he was only a very curiously-shaped mass of rock in the cavern depths. Thus in 1824 one spectre story was spoiled forever.

Shortly after leaving the "Witch's Way," we enter a most lovely forest through which our road lies. As we trudge quietly along, our thoughts naturally go out to Him who doeth all things well. As we approach the other edge of the wood we see before us a not very inviting plain and a hot dusty road, so we are loth to leave. Dr. Stevens stretches himself on the velvet moss to sleep, while Dr. Hurst and myself in memory of other days regale ourselves on a "chew" of tamarack gum, which we find very plentiful there. A delightful walk later in the afternoon brings us to the quaint little town of Elbingrood. The town, supported by iron mines and smelting works, had suffered severely from fires.

We find a very clean inn, a pleasant host, and plenty of entertainment in conversation with the natives and travellers. Early in the morning we are out again, ready to start before seven o'clock. Sunshine and flowers, and birds electrify us, and off we march to the tune of "John Brown's Body." We trudge along in the heat, sometimes in shade and sometimes in sun with scenes of beauty on every hand. Shortly we come to what looks like the mouth of a cave in the side of a stony wall. We enter and find it a tunnel that leads us through the rock to a platform on the other side; and what a view from this platform! Stretched out away before and below us is a vast natural amphitheatre. That is Wilhelm's Blick, and a fine Blick it is too. Every step works as much of a change as the turn of a kaleidoscope, till we come to the grand bend in the mountain wall, and we find here the picturesque little village of Friesburg. Dr. Stevens especially was so taken with the place that he wished to remain a day or two. Dr. Hurst was needed at home, so he left us in the afternoon, to wander alone amid the loveliness of the vale and the amphitheatre, and to recuperate our exhausted strength under the influence of pure country air and wholesome home diet.

After spending a day or two in this sublime spot we strapped on our knapsacks again and began our tramp down the valley.

A march of three hours through enchanting scenery and we arrive at the top of the Rosstrappe or perpendicular wall of granite standing near the entrance of the valley. The Rosstrappe is only some 1,400 feet above the sea level, but its peculiar shape and its position as a gateway to the valley, its strange grey rocks, trees, and over-hanging precipices, render this one of the most striking sights of the Hartz Mountains. On the top of the rock is shown the spot on which a steed bearing a runaway maiden from the opposite Hexentanzplatz or "Witch's Dancing-place," alighted, and from the force of the leap left the imprint of his hoof on the rock. The mark of the hoof is there as proof positive of the fact, about the size of a barrel head. An old man sits near, who has sat there for many a year, to fire off a horse pistol to awaken the wondrous echoes which ring along down the valley, first in deafening peals then in fainter and fainter reverberations.

We descend into the valley from the Rosstrappe by means of a zig-zag way built along the side of the precipice. The descent is terrible on one's muscles, but the strain can be borne for every step reveals to us some new scene in this charming panorama. An easy walk of an hour or two brings us to the little town of Thale, which may serve as our stopping-place if we have seen enough of the Hartz. It is Saturday night and we must fain remain over Sunday. The town is rather miserable but the hotel is really splendid and wonderfully cheap. Hundreds and hundreds of visitors come during the day to the beer gardens; and up to Rosstrappe and Hexentanzplatz. Beer is made to flow plenteously and the smoke cloud vies with the valley mists. There is hilarity and gaiety, but no drunken brawling or fighting. In the evening the crowd return in streams in a kind of mellow mood; but it was Sunday and the modest little old church not far away had been entered by scarcely a dozen persons. After sundry further trampings we take stage to Quedlenburg, from which place we return by train to Bremen. The post coaches are quaint old institutions, the wheels are broad and strong, perched on a high box is the stiff liveried driver, with high hat and golden band, while under him in a little *coupe* or cage rules supreme the jolly fat old conductor. Dr. Stevens takes his usual nap in the inside while

I insinuate myself with the mail bags into the kingdom of our fat conductor, from whom I take another lesson in the *Sprache*. At last we arrive in Quedlenburg, quaint and old, but we dare not stay, On to Bremen where Dr. Stevens takes ship for America with a new lease of life, and for me commenced a new era in my life-history.

SONNET.

BY W. KIRBY, ESQ.

A lovely child of two summers, whose birthday and mine are one, brought me a bouquet of flowers, with kisses, in honour of the same.

IT was my birthday in October sear,
A fairy, just two summers old—no more—
Came like a sunbeam radiant in my door,
With flowers and kisses, and "A happy year!"
Lisp'd from her pretty lips as coral clear.
"My birthday, too," she added, with the lore
Of babyhood, new learned the day before,
Much wondering how that *I* so old appear.
I took her in my arms and inly thought,
What am I but a child myself—less wise
Than she, perhaps, in my Creator's eyes?
Less worthy of His kingdom which He taught
Is made of such—life's first divinest leaven—
Whose angels always see God's face in heaven.

OCTOBER 13TH, 1881.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER I.—FIRST GLIMPSE OF FAIRVIEW.

It was the close of a sultry summer day, not a breath of air was astir, and the leaves hung as if lifeless from the trees. A feeling of languor seemed to pervade all nature, vast masses of thundrous-looking clouds were piled up almost to the zenith, and their snowy and golden heights and dark ravines were brought into sharp contrast by the light of the setting sun. Ever broader grew the shadows and afar off could be heard the sullen rolling of the thunder.

"Oh, Lawrence, drive on faster! We shall be caught in the rain."

The speaker was a fair young matron with soft brown eyes, and a wealth of chestnut hair. She was enveloped from head to foot in the voluminous folds of a linen "duster," but even that could not disguise the grace of her slight and girlish figure. Her companion was a tall spare young man with a fair complexion, embrowned by the sun, and with hair of the sort politely known as "sandy." He was neither an Apollo nor an Antinous, although one might imagine that he possessed the combined manly beauty of both, to judge by the love-lit look with which his young wife regarded him.

"Jessie is going as fast as she ought to this sultry day, after our long drive," he said. Nevertheless he touched his active little mare lightly with the whip, and the willing creature put forth extra speed which carried them swiftly over the ground. The vehicle in which they rode was a somewhat old-fashioned, but comfortable covered carriage, and he, who was addressed as Lawrence, drew up a leathern apron to protect them both from the threatened storm.

"Are we getting near there?" asked the lady with some little anxiety of tone.

"It can't be more than a mile or two," replied her husband. "From the top of yonder hill we ought to be able to see Fairview."

"I hope it will correspond with its name, when we do see it," said the young wife. "I confess I am half afraid to meet so many strangers." And the words which began with an effort at a laugh, ended with something very like a sigh.

"Cheer up, Edith, dear! They will receive you not like strangers, but like old friends. See what it is to be a preacher's wife. You have friends made for you beforehand."

"Yes, I know," said the lady, "but I miss my old friends for all that. Do you think they will like me, Lawrence?"

"Like you! of course they will like you. They can't help it, you know." And as there was no envious eye to witness the act, he gave her a kiss on the spot to emphasize the remark.

"Well, there is one I know who will," said the young wife, between smiles and blushes, happy in her husband's love, "and so long as *he* does, I am perfectly content." And then as they reached the crest of the hill, she sprang to her feet and cried, "Oh, Lawrence! Isn't that glorious!" and she stood with dilating eyes and quickened breath, drinking in the beauty of the scene.

And a beautiful scene it was, well worthy such keen appreciation. For five and twenty miles before their eyes, stretched one of the loveliest lakes of even this land of lovely lakes—the Lac de Baume, as the first French explorers had named it from the wealth of balsam foliage by which it was surrounded—like a sapphire in a setting of emerald. Numerous wooded headlands jutted out into the lake, and several rocky islands, clothed with richest verdure, studded its azure expanse, while broad uplands covered with fields of ripening grain, swept to the far horizon. In a valley between two richly-cultivated hills, nestled the village of Fairview—a single, broad elm-shaded street, with pleasant villas and gardens climbing the slopes on either side. Over all hung the vast rain-cloud, black in the shadow, golden in the sun, and spanned by a glorious rainbow, where the trailing fringes of the storm swept up the lake.

The young wife clapped her hands in almost childlike glee. "Could the young earth have been more fair when God pronounced it very good, and placed thereon,

Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve?

And of all her sons and daughters were any ever happier than we? And that glorious bow is God's pledge of faithfulness to His covenant."

"It looks indeed an Eden," said Lawrence. "Pray God the serpent mar not its beauty and its peace. Seed-time and harvest shall not cease. Lo, now, the harvest of souls awaits the sickle. God give me grace to thrust in the Gospel sickle, for the fields indeed are white unto the harvest."

While the happy pair drive down the long hill to the village, let us briefly indicate who they are, and how they came thus into the field of vision of our story—a sort of *camera obscura* across which shall flit, like pictures in a magic lantern, certain scenes of Canadian social life.

CHAPTER II.—A RETROSPECT.

LAWRENCE TEMPLE, it will be remembered by readers of "The King's Messenger," a previous story by the present writer, was an ingenuous Canadian youth, the son of a Methodist preacher, who died, leaving his family, of whom Lawrence, then a mere boy, was the eldest, with very meagre means of support. Eager to help his mother and sisters, and to earn the means of obtaining an education, he went to a lumber camp far up the Mattawa, where he laboured as axeman, teamster, and clerk, with a sturdy strength of character which was the sure guarantee of success. Having earned enough money to pay his way at college for a while he devoted himself with as much enthusiasm to mental as he had to manual labour and laid at least the foundation of a broad and liberal education.

The Church of his choice, deserving his gifts and religious graces, laid its hand upon him, and employed him first as a lay preacher, and then as a Missionary amid what was then the wilderness of Muskoka, as a probationer on trial as to his fitness for the regular ministry. His own heart responding to this call of the Church, and to what he felt was a call of God, to preach the Gospel, he laboured with great diligence and success in the hard pioneer work of a pioneer preacher.

On this back-woods circuit lived a family of singular refinement and culture, that of Mr. Norris, a village school-master.

The fair Edith Norris, the assistant of her father in the school, a young lady of rare charms of person and of mind, made a deep impression upon the heart of the young preacher. Although he cherished her image in his soul as the ideal of all that was loveliest in woman—beauty, culture, piety—yet as a probationer with his future undetermined, he did not feel at liberty to divulge his feelings or seek to engage her affections. Even after his probation was successfully accomplished and he was ordained to the regular work of the Ministry, it was some time before he could ask one who seemed to his chivalric soul almost a superior order of being, to share the hardships, and trials, and uncertain fortunes of an itinerant Methodist preacher.

But so great was the fascination and inspiration of her society, that he hailed with peculiar joy the occasion of his fortnightly visit to the preaching appointment, where dwelt the kindly Norris family with whom was his home during his transient sojourn. Their house was situated on the banks of the lovely Lake Muskoka, with its islet-studded expanse and rock-ribbed tree-covered shore. It was a great delight to the young preacher, in whom was a strong poetic sense of beauty, to sail over its glassy surface and to gaze into its crystal depths; and the delight was tenfold greater if he could on these occasions enjoy the society of the fair Edith Norris.

One lovely summer evening, when the whole western heaven was ablaze with gold, she had accepted his invitation to share with him a sunset sail upon the lake. The tender crescent moon hung low in the sky, and soft Hesper gleamed like a lamp in the casement of heaven. The spiritual pensiveness of the hour brooded over them like a spell. Every rock and woody cape, every tree and leaf, and the gorgeous clouds of even and the golden glory of the sunset were mirrored in the glassy wave.

"Is it not," said the maiden, all her soul glowing in her eyes, "like the sea of glass, mingled with fire, on which stand the redeemed and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying 'Great and marvellous are thy works Lord God Almighty?'"

And they talked of the holy city the New Jerusalem, with its gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and river of water of life; but of the deep desire that was burning in his heart the young man said not a word.

As they walked home, after landing, through the lingering twilight, the whip-poor-will uttered its plaintive cry, and the balmy odours of the forest breathed forth, and Lawrence gaining courage, perhaps, from the sympathetic aspect of nature, after faltering once or twice, began :

"I wished very much, Miss Norris, to say something when we were on the water, but I thought it ungenerous to take advantage of you when you could not escape, but now that you are almost home will you let me say it here?"

"I am sure that you would not say anything ungenerous here or elsewhere," replied Edith, trembling a little with a woman's prescience of the great crisis of her life. She knew by the swift intuitions of her heart what his wish would be, and the same monitor revealed what must be her own response.

"I have spoken to your father, who loves you as his life, and have his permission to tell you the great wish of my heart. I wished to ask you," continued the young man, taking her hand as reverently as he would the hand of a saint, "if you would sail with me down the stream of time on the voyage of life, till we, too, reach the haven of everlasting rest, and stand within the Golden City?"

Her hand trembled a little, but she did not remove it from his grasp; and presently in a low soft voice she whispered, "Whither thou goest I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy fortunes shall be mine."

"Oh, Edith!" exclaimed the young man, a new and strange joy thrilling his soul, "you have made me happier than I dared to hope," and there in the twilight hush, beneath the beaming stars, the holy compact was sealed that knit two loving souls together for time and for eternity, and in sacred lovers' talk the swift hours passed away.

"Your blessing, mother," said Lawrence, as he led the blushing girl into her parents' presence. "Your daughter has made me rich and happy beyond my utmost dream of joy."

"Bless you, my son," said the matron, printing a kiss upon his forehead, and then folding her daughter in her arms; and the father warmly wrung his hand, saying, "Take her, my son, she has been a good daughter, she will be a good wife."

So these two young lives were brought together like streams which had their sources far asunder, but which after many

windings meet, and blend their waters into one, and flow on together to the sea.

Lawrence abated no whit of his zeal and energy in his sacred calling. On the contrary, he preached with unwonted power, and only on the occasions of his regular fortnightly preaching appointments permitted himself the great joy of a visit to the home of his betrothed; the vast extent and many engagements of his "circuit" employing every other hour.

The stern necessities of the itinerancy, the roughness of the field, and the poverty of the people often rendered it impossible for these back-woods missions to support any but a single man. It was so in this case, and Lawrence, cheered by the great hope shining star-like in the future, devoted all his energies to toil and study in his great life-work.

One Saturday when he reached Elms, as the pleasant home of the Norris's was named—it was in the fall and the whole forest was ablaze with the bright crimson, and gold, and russet, and purple of the trees, arrayed like Joseph in their coat of many colours—he was met in the porch by the fair Edith. As she stood, framed, like an exquisite picture, by the crimson foliage of the Virginia creeper, she exclaimed: "I have news for you, my *preux chevalier*, Father has given me leave to go to college for a year, perhaps for longer. It is what I have been longing for, I cannot tell you how much."

"But how do you know that *I* will give consent?" replied Lawrence, with a rather crestfallen air.

"Oh, I am sure of that," replied Edith. "You will be glad that I have a chance to go. We girls ought to go to college just as well as you men. If I am to be a help-meet to you in your work," she added, blushing prettily, "I want to be able to keep up with your studies and reading."

"You are right, as usual," said the young man; "the chief advantage of college is not what one learns while there, but learning how to learn afterward—the systematic habits of study, the mental drill and training of the faculties. Education is the work of a life-time—something always going on but never ended. We will, by God's grace, pursue this glorious object through the long future, keeping step side by side through the march of life, and then through the grand forever. For eternity, I believe, will be a continual unfolding of all the powers and

faculties of the being in the light of God's countenance, as a flower unfolds petal after petal of its blossoms in the light of the sun."

"And yet," said Edith, "how many waste their lives and dwarf their faculties, by neglect of the God-given powers within them! And how many are cramped by circumstances and denied the opportunity of growth and development!"

"Yes," replied Lawrence, "that is true of many, the toiling men and women who bear the world's burden and care, and who have had scant schooling, if any, in their youth. To such the services of God's house are almost the only influence to lift them above the sordid cares and grovelling thoughts of a life bounded by the narrow horizon of time. Yet the younger generation, thanks to our common schools, within the reach of all, have placed in their hands the key which can unlock all the stores of knowledge in the universe. If they have awakened within them the *sacra fames*—the sacred hunger and thirst for knowledge, they can conquer every difficulty. Any education that is worth anything in this world must be largely *self*-education. Masters and tutors can only help one to help himself."

"Yes, I know that," said Edith. "After a single term of French, I read the whole of Corneille during a summer vacation. I used to read thirty pages every morning before breakfast. At school it would have taken a whole year."

"All you want," said Lawrence, "is help to help yourself, and that you will get at any college where they understand their business. I once taught a class of girls to read Virgil in a single winter, a thing which often takes two years at college. But there were only six girls in the class, all anxious to learn, and I helped them all I could."

"I've earned some money by teaching, and father is going to help me," said this true-hearted Canadian girl; "and I'm going to the Ladies' College, at Wentworth, for a year or two."

"Well, if you catch the inspiration of my old friend, Dr. Dwight, who is now President of that institution," said Lawrence, mindful of his own college days, "you will receive an intellectual impetus which you will feel for the rest of your life."

CHAPTER III.—GIRL GRADUATES AND COLLEGE HALLS.

So our young friend soon found herself duly enrolled with a hundred others, in the large and flourishing Ladies' College, of Wentworth, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Dwight. At first she felt somewhat lonesome, although forming part of so large a family. The other girls were a little reserved in manner, and all of them scrutinized her with that feminine criticism which took in at a glance every item, however minute, of her dress and appearance. These did not seem to give universal satisfaction, for as she passed through the corridor she became aware, by a mysterious intuition, that a group of school-girls who were laughing and giggling about the stove were speaking about her. One of these, an American girl whose father had "struck oil" in the Pennsylvania Oil-dorado, and who wore as much of a stylish New York costume as the school discipline would allow, exclaimed with a satirical laugh.

"What a guy! I wonder who's her dressmaker? I believe she made it herself!"

"Where does she come from, anyhow?" asked another.

"From the wilds of Muskoka, I heard some one say," remarked a third.

"Where is that, I wonder?" asked the first.

"Oh! somewhere back of the north wind," replied a fourth.

"She looks as if she might have come from back of the North Pole," sneered the girl from Oil-dorado; "I wonder she doesn't wear an Indian blanket. But here she comes; mum's the word," and she demurely assumed a long face as Edith passed by.

The new student could not help hearing enough of these rude remarks to make her feel very uncomfortable. She felt vexed at herself to think that the stinging of such a gnat should irritate her. She thought herself too much of a philosopher to be affected by such shallow chatter. But when does a woman become quite insensible to adverse criticism of her dress and appearance? Certainly our unsophisticated friend had not reached that point.

She soon had the satisfaction, however, in the class-rooms, of finding that her hostile critic was much more vulnerable to criticism in a much more important respect. She proved herself

ignorant, incapable, ill trained, and was at or near the foot of almost every class. The superior abilities and training of the new comer soon showed itself in her class standing, and in her rapid progress in study. She soon formed congenial friendships with both teachers and the more thoughtful scholars, which enriched her entire social being. Under the skilful guidance of Dr. Dwight in mental and moral philosophy, and in the fascinating study of science with Professor Rectus, she felt her whole mental horizon expanding day by day, and experienced the unspeakable joy of conscious mental growth. Nor did her higher nature lack the opportunity of generous nurture. The religious life and services of the institution surrounded her with an atmosphere most favourable to the growth of the moral graces, the result of which she realized in the deepening of her piety and richer communion of her soul with God.

So the long winter passed rapidly away, the routine of school life broken pleasantly by a visit home at Christmas. Every week came an expected and welcome missive that caused her eye to brighten and her cheek to glow, and filled her heart with sweet imaginings. One day in the leafy month of June, came a summons, to receive a caller in the reception room. The Conference of the Methodist Church was being held in a neighbouring town, and Mr. Temple could not resist the temptation to seek an interview with his *fiancée*. The good Doctor Dwight, who maintained an Argus-like care of his precious charge, had first to be encountered. But he, after a little good-natured banter, granted the interview sought, and added an invitation to dine in the institution—an invitation which Temple very gladly accepted. He felt a little disconcerted, however, at being made the target of the hundred pair of keen and critical eyes which noted at a glance every item of his appearance, dress, and deportment.

By a sort of intuition, known only to female minds, the girls all divined the relation subsisting between the young backwoods preacher and the most accomplished student of the college. Many were the whispered comments at the table, and much was the school-girl gossip that followed, of which had the object of it been aware his ears would have been uncommonly warm, if there be any truth in the popular adage on the subject. The general verdict was that if he was not very

handsome, he looked at least rather "clever;" and if his country-made coat did not particularly adorn his manly figure, he had, at least, a rather distinguished air. The American girl from Oil-dorado wondered how any one could throw herself away on such an awkward creature, or bear the thought of becoming "a humdrum country parson's wife, to teach stupid girls in a Sunday-School, and make possets for all the sick poor of the parish."

This style of phillipic, however, did not meet with much favour. Girls, for the most part, are more merciless critics of their own than of the opposite sex, and while some thought that their schoolmate might "do better," others thought that she had "done well," to accept him; with which I presume the parties most concerned were quite content. The slight brusqueness which he manifested under a somewhat stern exterior attracted general favour. So too, the quick decisive speech and somewhat imperious manner of the President of the college commanded the respect and admiration of all the students—we suppose because women, however they may protest to the contrary, admire the influence of a strong will—in fact as one of themselves expressed it—"they like being bossed."

But we must not delay upon these halcyon college days. They passed all too quickly, and even the tasks which looked irksome at the time were looked back to with a lingering regret. The months spent in this seemingly monotonous routine were regarded by Edith Norris as amongst the most profitable of her life. She experienced such a mental developement and received such an intellectual stimulus as gave her greater power of study, and keener appreciation of its pleasures and privileges for the rest of her life. When she left those college halls it was not without a dislocating wrench in the severance of many tender ties of friendship. Many were the exchanges of keep-sakes, and photographs, and the pledges of faithful correspondence and mutual visits. Even the haughty damsel from Oil-dorado wept a few furtive tears, and declared that she had heartily recanted her unkind judgment, and with a very effusive embrace gave Edith as a parting gift a handsome locket containing some of the donor's hair with the injunction:

"Now, you must wear this upon the happy day, so that you

will be sure to think of me ; I wish I were only more worthy of your thought."

"Thanks, dear," said Edith, kissing her fondly, "we have learned to know each other better. You must come and see me in my new home."

"Be sure I will if ever I can," said the impulsive girl, and amid a chorus of "good-byes," Edith rode away.

Although life was opening so beautiful and so bright before her it was not without a twinge of regret that she turned her back upon the dear old college halls. These thoughts, however, were soon forgotten in the anticipation of deeper and richer joys.

It comes not within our scope to describe the modest marriage ceremony at the Elms. It was observed with an innocent hilarity which might have marked the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. And the Master Himself was present, sanctifying and blessing the union there formed. With mingled smiles and tears the parents saw the daughter of many hopes and prayers, pass from the shelter of their roof to meet new responsibilities, and doubtless new trials as well as new joys. After a short wedding journey, in which Edith enjoyed the rare delight of travel, amid some of the fairest scenes of her native land, the youthful pair addressed themselves with the enthusiasm of Christian confidence and zeal to their life-work.

We have now brought down our narrative to the period of the opening of our story. We must postpone to another chapter the account of the reception at the village of Fairview, and initiation into their new relations, and into itinerant life and work of the young pastor and his wife.

HE who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
He who hath blessed, will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, forever.

WRECKED—A WEEK ON SABLE ISLAND.

BY J. C.

I.

"The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth and as uncon-
trolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest ;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow,
Heaves with the heaving of his
breast."

Steamer State of Virginia, July 12th, 1879.—At sea at last ! An object of ambition for years is at length attained. We are on the broad Atlantic, out of sight of land. Although trying to jot down a few ideas on my new surroundings, I by no means intend to keep a journal : with the warning example of one of Mark Twain's "Innocents" before me I refrain. No, decidedly, I shall not keep a diary ; but shall for my own amusement, if I feel thereto inclined, at delightfully irregular intervals as I like, describe any of the new sights or sensations that await me. In this microcosm, an ocean steamer, life puts on new aspects, for each one has left behind his own little world. Now for ten days in this little autocracy we shall be utter strangers to the whirl of business, fashion, or dissipation ; no formal calls to pay or to receive, we are at once in a new orbit and find ourselves after a little adjustment quietly accepting the new situation.

As we leave behind the hot and dusty city we find ourselves breathing a different atmosphere and enjoying long inspirations of health-giving salt sea air. Many old travellers declared they had never started on a sea voyage under more favourable auspices.

Sable Island, July 16th.—By this time we expected to be nearer the old world than the new, but here we are on our own side of the Atlantic, and as some one has just said a hundred miles from anywhere. Little did we think that our trip would afford an opportunity of exploring this barren island. It seems strange that while others have made their twenty or thirty

ocean trips without accident, my first one should yield this adventure.

Let me try to recall what has happened, the amusing and strange, and sad and terrible scenes witnessed in these last few days. On my first night at sea, by aid of the North star I had made out the points of the compass, had watched Venus slowly sinking into the sea, and Jupiter rising, appearing almost as large and brilliant, and had made out Cassiopœa and other constellations. The next afternoon I was more interested in watching the peculiar tumblings of a shoal of porpoises than the spouting of a whale or the black fins of several sharks. Our log so far was satisfactory, 297 and 289 miles. It was destined to meet with a sudden check. All Friday night the fog whistle sounded at short intervals and the next day the thick grey mist like a shroud seemed to envelop us. So far the sea had been almost as calm as our own blue Ontario when at rest, and the only danger we now feared was collision with another steamer, but with as close a watch as ours, and incessant fog signals, accident did not seem possible. An inspection of the day's record showed the somewhat ominous words "*not accurate*" following the latitude and longitude, as of course a correct observation could not be taken at noon.

In the evening, as everything on deck was damp, we went to the saloon instead of staying in the open air, and while everything above was gloomy enough, below all was bright and cheerful. Several hymns had been sung, preparing for the service the next day: "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee," and others, when suddenly was felt a slight jar, then another, but not violent enough to move a chair, and we all rushed on deck. A woman, a perfect stranger to me, rushing up, seized my arm frantically. Such a look of terror I never saw before on any human countenance. The features were fixed, the eyes glassy, the voice almost inarticulate, as she asked: "Is the ship sinking, are we all going to the bottom?" Of course I could give no information, but a gentleman standing near said, "We have run ashore, the ship is not moving, and where we are God only knows." As the engine was still working, though reversed, I had not noticed that we were stationary, and fancied from the running about of men with ropes and

chains, that we had run down some small vessel and that these efforts were to save the lives of those in the water.

Where are we? was the next question. It had been supposed that we were twenty-five miles from Sable Island, but it was now concluded that we must be on the sandy shoals of that spot, so dreaded by the mariner. On sounding it was found we were on a sandy bottom with eighteen feet of water—our ship drew twenty-two. Anchors were put out, and the men worked incessantly in what proved vain efforts to haul her off. The passengers as a whole were remarkably quiet and calm. But this perhaps arose as much from ignorance of the danger as from any special courage possessed by us. To me it seemed almost impossible to think of disaster, our ship was apparently uninjured, the night was calm, it could not surely be that our voyage was over. The captain's hope was that we might float off at the rising of the tide at midnight. Shortly before that time came the, to me, most alarming event of any, a grinding, crushing, grating noise such as one might suppose would arise from the striking on rocks. Our knowledge of the sandy bottom all around did not prevent a strange feeling of alarm—alarm not without some reason, for it was found this peculiar sound was caused by the breaking of the rudder chain. Our ship which had struck the sand bar, bow on, had been gradually swinging round, till her stern also struck land. This was a new phase of our disaster, as besides being imprisoned we were now crippled. All efforts for the present were abandoned till the next tide when the cargo was to be thrown over to lighten the ship.

What a night was that! Many sat on deck, becoming quite wet with the fog. Some lay on the lounges in the saloon, others were packing up what valuables they hoped to save, not many retired to their berths. A short sleep was obtained. The indescribably alarming noise of the straining, creaking, and grinding of the timbers, the roar of the surf heard all night, the lapping of the water on the sides of our poor ship, all formed a not very soothing lullaby. And what a waking! All the events of the night before seemed but a hideous dream. When day dawned, or rather should have dawned, nothing could yet be seen of our surroundings. We took breakfast with what appetite we might. In a momentary lifting of the fog shortly

after, cannons were fired as a signal of distress; a light-house was seen looming through the mist, then again, at the distance of apparently half-a-mile, a low sandy shore. When the fog which again had fallen lifted, we saw on the shore, horses, men, a waggon, and boats. The peculiar atmosphere gave a wonderfully deceptive appearance. Everything was of colossal size, the men giants, the horses larger than elephants, the waggon some immense structure like a bridge in the air. Shortly after, we watched with anxiety one of the ship's boats making a landing through the surf. Dangerous as it appeared this was done without accident, as also the return.

Shortly after there came a life-boat from the Island with a message to land the passengers at once, as the surf was constantly becoming worse. But one last effort was yet to be made for the relief of our ship, the crew now commenced to throw the cargo overboard. We had on board a number of cattle and these were the first to go. The poor animals were dragged and pushed and hauled, for they resisted strongly, to the side of the steamer, and then shoved over. As the heavy splash of one after another was heard, and as they swam round and round looking up in our faces with large mournful eyes of dumb entreaty, as if we who were so helpless ourselves could save them; we all, although the same fate might soon be our own, forgot our own danger in pity for these dumb creatures. An unsuccessful attempt was made with a ship's boat to lead them to the shore, but they seemed to wish to keep near us. However, when they had been for hours in the water, after apparently consulting in groups with a low crooning noise, they finally started for the shore, which over seventy out of a hundred reached. Their gallant struggle for life in the case of some was only rewarded by their slaughter to supply the wants of hungry travellers.

Meanwhile the life-boat waited, while the general cargo of cheese, flour, meal, etc., was also being thrown overboard. At length the word was given to send on shore the women and children. So far there had been little confusion or uncontrollable fright. One poor man, indeed, suffering from sunstroke, had become so violent as to require confinement, and a woman had that morning gone up to the captain, berating him in no measured terms: "And sure, what do you mean by leaving us

standing here in the middle of the sea; why don't you get away from this place like any other captain, and not be staying here!"

On what slender threads our destinies hang! I was advised to go by the first boat, but had decided to wait for the second. When again urged to go at once, I hesitated a moment, then said, "Very well, I will do as you say," and went down the ladder into the life-boat. So far I had had no fear of actual loss of life, our ship was not yet leaking, and in the absence of storm was quite safe. We were well provided with boats, there being eight, and had seen one go and return in safety, so that though the surf looked dangerous enough, I, who knew nothing of its treacherous strength, was the first to step into the life-boat. We were assisted down by the fourth officer, a fine young Scotchman, whose cheerful face and pleasant smile we have not yet forgotten. It is not the most pleasant position in which one can be placed, nor the most graceful, and it sometimes happens, that the person thus hanging between the deck above and the boat beneath, does not drop at the right moment, but hangs clinging wildly as the ship swings back over the water; neither is it the most safe. How we remember little things that happen at such moments! When I had taken my seat I felt something touch my shoulder and turning found it was my valise, kindly lowered to me by the stranger who had the moment before advised my going by the first boat and who had accompanied me to my room for it

After ten ladies and two children had taken their places, the steersman, who seemed to be in command said, "I will do my best to take you all ashore, but it looks bad." Then first the idea that our lives were in danger dawned upon me. The calm courage of the steersman I much admired as he stood giving orders. Just before starting some one on the steamer called to one of the oarsmen to come on board to show them the way round the island to the smooth water. I can yet hear the tone of quiet command, with a touch of scorn of the steersman: "Keep your place, you are under my orders, do not dare to leave this boat," and then in a lower tone to himself, "The idea of asking such a thing when I have only five men."

As our boat started and moved steadily on to the shore, I do not remember that a word was spoken. The surf rolled in in three rows of breakers, now in hurried rush, and again more

slowly. Men were on the shore making signs where to land, twice we backed water and waited for a more favourable moment. Now our steersman showed that he could take advice as well as command. "Boys, what do you think, shall we try to row or wait?" After a moment, "Try it now" was the answer. "Go on, then, in the name of God." This, not with the careless almost profane tone often accompanying the words, but in a serious reverent tone, as of a prayer. The next words were "Put on life-preservers." None had been served out from the steamer and there were only five belonging to the life-boat. While hesitating whether to pick up the one at my feet or not, some one more ready seized it, and that chance was lost.

Now came the one supreme moment of danger. What the thoughts of others were I know not, my own would be difficult to tell; the world of home left behind; the other world into which in a moment we might, perhaps, be ushered; what those distant friends might think of our fate. As one wave washed partly over us, I bowed my head and how it was I cannot say, but in a moment we were carried triumphantly on over the top of an enormous wave, and found our boat on shore, the men rushing out in the water to carry us to dry land and draw the boat up. Even at that solemn moment of gratitude to God for our deliverance, came the incongruous thought, bringing a smile, that the poor fellow who carried me must have been disagreeably astonished at my weight, for besides the before-mentioned rather heavy valise in my hand, I had on two dresses, an ulster, and a shawl given me at the last moment by some one to take care of.

We were met by the superintendent of the island, a fine stalwart, open-hearted looking man, who offered his hand, assuring us that we had had a narrow escape. We sat down on a little hillock of sand, innumerable birds flying wildly around our heads, flapping their wings, uttering peculiar sounds of defiance and fear or astonishment at such an invasion of their lone domain. We soon saw the reason; the ground around us was one vast nest or succession of nests. We could not even stretch out our hands without either touching their eggs or the young birds, little downy things, some just hatched out, others

hopping about, the nests many of them unprotected. No wonder the mother birds flew so pugnaciously at our heads.

We now watched the life-boat leave for another load, and after some delay, the start from the ship. The surf was now worse and the boat overloaded, so that only two oars were used, they came on slowly, hesitating as it were on the edge of a wave, then tossing helplessly about. While we gazed with bated breath we saw the boat with its living cargo, one moment on the top of an immense wave, the next, horror-stricken, we saw it hurled end over end and all its passengers struggling in the water. The horror of that moment can never be forgotten. To see the people falling out, and black specks tossing about and know that these were our late companions, and that we had escaped so dreadful a fate. Some of our party ran wildly about, I can even now hear the voice of one shrieking, "Oh, God save them!" Others knelt in silent prayer. Next we saw the life-boat bottom upwards, a few men clinging on and then dragging up others, then to my surprise, for I did not know such was the nature of a life-boat, it righted and again all were in the water, but yet again they were seen struggling for safety. This is the only part of all that terrible scene that I can not clearly recall, how they ever reached the shore. The boat no doubt was washed up by the force of the waves. I remember seeing sharply outlined against the sky, the figure of a man with an oar in his hand, standing in the boat trying to guide its course. Then those on shore rushed into the water and carried the women out of the reach of the waves. Next, frightful sight! at my feet lay two dead bodies washed up with the white foam on their lips. To think that these might have been our bodies, and that others might be gazing on us, but for God's mercy.

Besides the five Islanders and the ship's fourth officer there had been in the boat eleven women and five children, of these only seven women and all the men had escaped; four women and five children were drowned. The first words heard were from the mother of a golden-haired girl, gasping almost inarticulately, "Oh, those cruel, cruel waves! My Maria is gone." Here was a poor girl with blood pouring from her mouth; another with face livid, it seemed darkening in death. What could we do for their relief? Little indeed; as such a calamity had not been anticipated, no preparations had been made; we

had no restoratives nor change of clothing, no house nearer than three miles. Three mothers, two of them widows, had lost each an only child. Another mother with her two boys had all gone together into the mysteries of another world. As soon as they were able, those who had escaped were sent away in a waggon while the rest of us stayed on the shore.

How anxiously we watched another attempt to land, made by two of the ship's boats full of the gentlemen passengers. Their coming to us seemed madness, for almost certain death awaited them. If a life-boat thirty-five feet in length could thus stand, as it were on end, by the force of the surf, what hope for them! They expected to be met on the edge of the surf and transfer their load to the life-boat, but as it was stove in this was impossible. While their fate seemed trembling in the balance, the sickening feeling of apprehension lest the scene of a few moments before should be repeated can not soon be forgotten. Some of our party ran wildly about shrieking, "Go back!" but the wild waves suffered no voice to be heard but their own hoarse roar. To our relief they all returned to the steamer. Meanwhile rain was falling and a fire was lit. I noticed now the slight frame and sickly appearance of our steersman, who seemed to feel bitterly the loss of life which had occurred. The waggon now returned, and almost unwillingly we drove away to shelter, not knowing what might be the fate of those still on our poor old ship. Our conveyance was a strong heavy structure with wide rimmed wheels, drawn by three heavily-built horses. These were the Sable Island horses with so strange a history. To our astonishment we drove directly into the water, not the sea but a salt lake in the middle of the Island. The water here was only a foot deep; at last after riding three miles to the east, on a slight eminence appeared a long low wooden building with other detached houses in sight. A warm welcome was extended to us. To our relief we found all the injured doing well. How differently is sorrow met, what contrasts of character are shown. Here were three mothers childless; one, calm and resigned—the others frantic, raving. But I draw a veil over such grief. All the ladies, about twenty, were taken into the Superintendent's house.

What a night of excitement was that! Here were wives

anxious for their husband's safety, and on board those in doubt as to who were saved and who were lost. In the grey mist of the next morning, one poor wife insisted on starting to walk round to the other shore, a distance of seven miles reproaching us with our apparent indifference. However, news soon arrived that all was well. A boat had gone out to the steamer and found on board one man alone who was engaged in constructing a raft to reach the shore; eight boats had left early in the morning to row around the Island to the smooth water on the north side. When they arrived about noon, almost the whole population of the Island went down to greet the new comers. The laborious task of hauling up such heavy boats through the sand may be imagined. Crew and passengers appeared, almost to a man, with boots off and legs bare to the knee, many wet to the waist; added to this, some carried blankets, life-preservers, and an heterogenous collection of valuables. In the first boat, the captain's, was his daughter, poor girl, quite worn out, having been the only lady on board all night. She preferred to stay with her father. The meeting can be fancied of those who had till now been fearing the worst. We found that the night before all had left the ship but the first officer and one passenger, and fortunate indeed was it that they remained, as by their sounding the fog-whistle the boats that had lost their way were enabled to return. Some actually sat in the boats all night rather than go on board.

The afternoon was spent in equipping a crew in one of the ship's boats for Halifax, distance over a hundred miles, this being now our only hope of making our situation known. As the unenviable notoriety of this Island causes all seamen to give it a wide berth, we had the delightful prospect of spending our summer holidays here, as the Government steamer was not expected for two months. There were plenty of volunteers for the relief party. The purser and third officer, a skilful seaman, were put in command of a picked crew and furnished with a chart of the Island, etc. It was eight at night in a thick fog before they started. The allotting of the different divisions of passengers and crew, made one think of billeting soldiers. We were in the Governor's House,—some fortunate enough to have beds, others on the floor,—the gentlemen in two large boat-houses, the sailors in what was appropriately called the Sailor's

Home, where they cook for themselves. As the passengers who came last brought blankets, and plenty of hay is to be obtained on the Island, far less comfortable quarters might be theirs.

Friday.—This suspense is the hardest thing we have to bear. If we knew that in two days, two weeks, or even two months, relief would come, we might settle down to some regular way of spending the time. So far, however, some have been busy enough. Our hosts are kind and hospitable, doing everything possible for our comfort. The prospects before us are not particularly bright, but after such an escape, gratitude is, to say the least, becoming. Mrs. McDonald, the Governor's wife, must sometime doubt if she or we own the house. And all this is borne with the greatest good nature. The kitchen for days has been hung round with wet garments drying. As no dishes were brought from the ship we have to depend on the supply in the house. As only a dozen persons can be served at once and all the passengers and ship's officers have their meals in the house, two hours are required for each meal. After the first two days the stewards and cooks waited on us as usual. Not always do the shipwrecked fare so well. Our meals consist of bread, beef, soup, potatoes, tea, coffee, cheese, sea-biscuit. On no previous occasion could the Island boast of so many inhabitants, no passenger steamer having been wrecked here before. We number in all one hundred and fifty. Respecting the actual loss of life, various opinions are flying about on the air. The ship's people accept no blame, as the loss occurred on an Island boat manned by Islanders, who on their part say there would have been no lives lost had the directions to land at once been followed.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT.

As thy days thy strength shall be
This should be enough for thee!
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
He shall be thy strength and song.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall bring thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down,
 And brightly beckon as they go,
 I see the land of fair renown,
 The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
 And discord of its angry words,
 I hear the everlasting chime,
 The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome ; and my haste
 To join it cannot brook delay ;
 O song of morning, come at last !
 And ye who sing it, come away !

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
 Sound over earth, and fill these skies !
 Nor ever, ever, ever cease
 Thy soul-entrancing melodies !

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
 Which holy voices then shall sing ;
 Praise for creation's second birth,
 And glory to creation's King !

—*Horatius Bonar.*

IMPRISONED MUSIC.

A curious little incident happened lately during a time of prolonged sickness. At the close of a very dark and gloomy day, I lay resting on my couch as the deeper night drew on ; and though all was bright within my cosy little room, some of the external darkness seemed to have entered into my soul, and obscured the spiritual vision. Vainly I tried to see the Hand which I knew held mine, and guided my fog-enveloped feet along a steep and slippery path of suffering. In sorrow of heart I asked, "Why does my Lord thus deal with His child ? Why does He so often send sharp and bitter pains to visit me ? Why does He permit lingering weakness to hinder the sweet service I longed to render to His poor servants ?" These fretful questions were quickly answered, and though in a strange language, no

interpreter was needed save the conscious whisper of my own heart.

For awhile silence reigned in the little room, broken only by the crackling of the oak log burning on the hearth. Suddenly I heard a sweet, soft sound—a little, clear, musical note, like the tender trill of a robin, beneath my window. “What can that be!” I said to my companion who was dozing in the firelight. “Surely, no bird can be singing out there at this time of the year and night!” We listened, and again heard the faint, plaintive notes, so sweet, so melodious, yet mysterious enough to provoke, for a moment, our undisguised wonder. Presently my friend exclaimed, “It comes from the log on the fire!” and we soon ascertained that her surprised assertion was correct. The fire was letting loose the imprisoned music from the old oak’s inmost heart! Perchance he had garnered up this song in the days when all went well with him—when birds twittered merrily on his branches, and the soft sunlight flecked his tender leaves with gold.

But he had grown old, since then, and hardened: ring after ring of knotty growth had sealed up the long-forgotten melody, until the fierce tongues of the flames came to consume his callousness, and the vehement heat of the fire wrung from him at once a song and a sacrifice.

Ah! thought I, when the fire of affliction draws songs of praise from us, then indeed are we purified, and our God is glorified! Perhaps some of us are like this old oak log—cold, hard, and insensible; we should give forth no melodious sounds were it not for the fire which kindles round us, and releases tender notes of trust in Him, and cheerful compliance with His will. As I “mused, the fire burned,” and my soul found sweet comfort in the parable so strangely set before me. Singing in the fire! Yes! God helping us, if that is the only way to get harmony out of these hard, apathetic hearts, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than before.—*Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE POSSIBILITIES OF HEAVEN.

Activity, occupation, is the great secret of contented living. I cannot imagine who first conceived the idea of heaven as a place in which to stand still; some poor, timid soul, probably, to whom mere rest was the highest ideal of bliss. But the glowing

descriptions of the Bible never convey any such idea; there every word seems to quiver with an intensity of life and glory. I never forget that Christ is the centre and source, the life and glory of all; and that to be without one spot or stain of sin, to be pure as He is pure, holy as He is holy, is the crowning joy and glory of heaven. I long for intellectual expansion, but still more do I yearn for the spiritual unfolding into Christ's own image of infinite purity and love, which I hope for there. Our spiritual nature is our highest, and its perfection far more to be coveted than that of the merely intellectual; but I believe it is the union and harmony of the two which constitutes the fullest perfection in even that higher life. We are made both rational and spiritual beings, with capacities for indefinite expansion in both lives—in all lives. Whatever pursuit or taste is elevating and pure, a blessing to ourselves and others, we cannot doubt will be enlarged and perfected there. And Oh, to what wonderful and glorious height a whole eternity will bring us! If the attainments of some even here seem marvellous, what shall we behold there? It is this wonderful capacity for development which makes a human soul worth so much. When a man with all these glorious possibilities before him persists in yielding to his lower propensities, and degrading himself by self-indulgence and sin, he ruins not only what he is, but what he might be endless ages hence. His soul clogged, imbruted, narrowed down to low aims, cannot rise to a glorious immortality; he has kept himself away from it. If there were no revelation of future evil to such a soul, we should see how inevitable its ruin is.—*Wesleyan.*

—"There is no greater mistake," said Dr. Bushnell, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No; it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to treat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart and *above* it, and to produce the impression of a holy and separate life—this only can give us a true Christian power."

—He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—*Spurgeon.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

RELIGIOUS DRIFT.

There is an impression in the minds of many that the religious world is, to an alarming extent, drifting away from the old established faith of the Gospel; and that the cultured thought of the age is drifting into skepticism and infidelity. We think there is no ground for this conclusion, but strong grounds for a conclusion the very opposite. It is the exceptional that arrests attention, that excites remark. The regular sweep of the planets in their orbits, age after age, awakens no special interest; but should one of these burst away from its orbit, or let a comet flash athwart the sky, and all the world is a-gaze. One erratic Dr. Thomas, who, perhaps, has a morbid love of notoriety, or one blaspheming Ingersoll, who trades upon his infidelity, sets all the papers on the continent buzzing. But the 20,000 Methodist preachers who stand in the old ways, and preach the grand old doctrines that have subdued the world, excite no remark.

The needs of the human soul are the same in every age. In the hour of sorrow and of sadness, of utter and sorest need, the heart and flesh cry out for the living God. The speculations of science, the blankness of infidelity, cannot satisfy its deep, immortal yearnings. It needs a positive revelation of a loving and personal Saviour. And in all the evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a more lively apprehension of Christ as the Saviour of sinners, and of faith in the Crucified One, than ever before. And as a consequence there is more devoted Christian effort to train the children for God, to rescue the perishing, to evangelize the masses, to raise the criminal classes, to send the Gospel to the heathen, than the world ever saw before. Where Wesley and Whitefield were mobbed and stoned, Moody and Sankey have great taber-

nacles erected for their services, and have the co-operation of a host of willing workers, clerical and lay. If a blundering magistrate interfere with the street services of the Salvation Army, a powerful organization is formed for its defence.

In Germany, long the stronghold of rationalism, orthodox theology is decidedly in the ascendant. Evangelical Leipzig has three hundred and eight students, and rationalistic Heildelberg has only nine. In an admirable chapter in Dr. Dorchester's "Problem of Religious Progress," he shows the wonderful advance of evangelical belief during the last century. Says Chancellor Kent, "In my young days there were very few professional men who were not infidels." Says Bishop Meade, "In every educated young man whom I met in Virginia I expected to find a skeptic, if not an avowed disbeliever." Says Lyman Beecher, "The boys who dressed flax in the barn read Tom Paine and believed him."

The colleges at the beginning of the century were hot-beds of infidelity. At Yale only four or five professed faith in Christianity. Princeton was no better. At Bowdoin only one was willing to avow himself a Christian. It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two generations. Says Dr. Dwight, "From France, Germany, and Great Britain the dregs of infidelity were vomited upon us. An enormous edition of the 'Age of Reason' was published in France to be sold and sent over to America for a few pence per copy, or to be given away." Between 1817 and 1830, 57,689,000 volumes of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other infidel writers were circulated on the Continent. In 1800 it was confidently believed that there was not a strict Trinitarian clergyman (Congregational) in Boston. Of two hundred Congregational churches in

Eastern Massachusetts not more than two in five were under evangelical pastors. Within a radius of ten miles around Boston were twenty-three "liberal" to eighteen evangelical churches. Now, within the same limits, are two hundred and fifty-seven evangelical churches to eighty-one liberal churches. In their pastoral address of 1816, the Bishops of the Methodist Church deplored the prevalence of Arian and Socinian notions in their denominations.

"Is it said," asks Dr. Dorchester, "that the evangelical churches have lost their hold upon the intellect of the age? How and wherein? When was it equally identified with the best, the most vigorous, the most learned culture?" The students in the evangelical colleges have increased twice as fast as the population of the country; and one-half more of these students are professing Christians than forty years ago. During the last ten years, of fourteen hundred graduates of Harvard, only two were skeptics; and never were there so many Church members among the students as now.

Of the theological colleges, writes Dr. Pierce, "Modern destructive Biblical criticism has had no perceptible influence in shaking the faith of these institutions in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. In spite of the busy activity of this school of critics, there never was an hour when so many commentaries, written by accomplished Hebrew and Greek scholars, were published or so widely distributed. Not one of the doctrines of the Nicene Creed has been touched by this criticism, nor any important excisions made in the received canon of Scripture. All over the land the old and impressive truths of Revelation, sanctioned by a Book in which the hearers have not the slightest distrust as to its divine origin, and as accepted through the ages, are preached every Sabbath, and taught to susceptible childhood in the Sunday-schools." As an instance of the interest felt in Sunday-school work, may be added the fact that during the past year there have been held on this continent an aver-

age of *fourteen* Sunday-school conventions for every day in the year.

Against this vast tide of evangelical influence, sweeping in ever-broadening volume down the ages, the manifestations of current skepticism are only chips upon the stream. They cannot stem the swelling tide. They are destined to be swept away and lost forever in the boundless ocean of truth that shall roll from shore to shore, from pole to pole. We have so serene a confidence in the triumph of the Gospel, that all the oppositions of science, falsely so called, of skepticism and infidelity, alarm us not the least. In one of England's darkest hours of unbelief, brave, blind old Milton wrote: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty?" Let us, after two hundred years of added demonstration of its invincible might, emulate his serene and lofty faith.

GERMANY IN AMERICA.

The city of Cincinnati has a larger German population than any other in the United States. One large section of the city, known as "Over the Rhine," is occupied by about 100,000 Germans, or one-third of the population of the entire city. Here one might imagine himself in the German Fatherland. Here he hears little but the German speech. Most of the signs, placards, and newspapers are printed in German. The beer-gardens, saloons, halls, and churches are all German. We noticed a huge theatre play-bill printed in German and in *Hebrew*—there are many Jews in the city. It seemed a sacrilege to see the sacred language desecrated to announce the buffooneries of harlequins. One large bookstore had only German books, including a complete set of Monroe's cheap novels. In the Methodist Book Room was a large department for German literature.

A stranger cannot help being struck in this German quarter by the fearful amount of Sabbath desecration. It was worse than anything we saw in the German Fatherland. On Sunday night, after attending service in an elegant Methodist church, and afterwards at a church of the coloured people, we passed through the German town on the way to our hotel. It was like a carnival. Beer-gardens, theatres, music-halls, were ablaze with electric lights, and crowded with people, and the discordant din of numerous brass bands filled the air. We were informed that at one of these gardens the Sunday sales of lager bier amounted to \$1,500.

The peril, we thought, to the civic institutions was not from the Romanism, but from the practical infidelity and godlessness of this great mass. We went into several German churches—large and handsome structures. In one was a coffin, covered with a velvet pall before the altar. The ceilings and altar were ablaze with gilding and with pictures of saints and angels on a gold ground. This at least, we thought, is better than the beer-gardens. The toiling thousands will have their minds lifted above the sordid cares and coarse pleasures of their narrow lives by this ministry of art and music and religious worship, however mixed with superstition and error. We had a long conversation with a sweet-faced German nun—whose snowy wimple looked like a cere-cloth on the brow of a corpse. She had charge of a lot of little tow-headed Teutons, to whom she was imparting at least the elements of education and religion. She said there were twelve parishes in the city, with schools under the care of nuns of the Order of the Virgin. And notwithstanding our difference of creed we felt that she was an ally in the holy war of religion and morality against infidelity, ignorance, and vice.

But if these are the perils of a large German population, we need not greatly covet such in our new Dominion; or, if it come, we must be prepared to evangelize and educate this foreign element, or it will be fraught with danger to our institutions, our Sabbaths, and our religion.

THE GUILTEAU TRIAL.

It is a strange spectacle to see the tribunal of justice made a theatre for the buffooneries and antics of one of the greatest criminals of the age—or at least the agent of one of the ages' greatest crimes. Insane or not, the revelations of this trial show that the tendency of a perverted belief is to an immoral life. The wretched man, who claims to have acted in his diabolism under the inspiration of the Almighty, is shown to have lived a life reeking with sensuality and saturated with fraud. The morbid egotism of the man evidently makes him delight in any notoriety, even one of infamy. The verdict of the world, no doubt, will be that it will be a perversion of justice if the craven creature go unpunished. Personally we are not in favour of capital punishment, but we think perpetual confinement almost as severe a penalty, while it gives the criminal the opportunity to make his peace with God. None, we think, would say that such a punishment would be too severe for the man who, sane or insane, plunged a nation into mourning, and entailed on its chosen head such a long agony of pain, and such an untimely end.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson will be glad to learn that after his serious illness—when his life was for a time despaired of—he is gradually convalescing. We trust that his recovery will be speedy and complete.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Recently a valedictory service was held in City Road Chapel, London, on the occasion of the departure for Southern Africa of ten missionaries. In that country fifty or sixty native preachers were received on trial at the last Mission Conference. They will work under the superintendency of the European missionaries, and will receive their support from the native Churches.

The following illustrates the difficulties which Chinese converts often experience. At Hankow, Tsen, Tai-lai, an honest, simple man, illiterate but earnest in faith, and anxious to understand the Gospel, is a tradesman with a small shop on one of the principal streets. Soon after he had joined the Church, the leaders of an idolatrous association, who wanted to raise the expenses for an idol procession, tried to levy the accustomed tax on him. When he civilly refused to pay, explaining the reason for his conduct, they began to disturb him in his shop and obstruct his trade, abusing him in rough language, and finally stealing a sufficient quantity of his goods to cover the amount demanded. The friendly assistance of a local magistrate soon put an end to the affair and afforded the protection of the law.

The Leeds Missionary Anniversary has again been marvellously successful; no less than \$30,515 were collected at the services of the week. At the close of one of the Sabbath evening services, 1,800 persons remained at the prayer-meeting, and several penitents professed to find pardon.

Two memorial churches are about to be erected in memory of the late Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., one at Llandmar, Wales, and another at Bournemouth, in the grave-

yard of which sleep the remains of his eldest son.

Sir A. E. Havelock was recently appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and on his arrival at Sierra Leone he was presented with an address from the Wesleyan missionaries, in reply to which he thanked the donors, and referred in very flattering terms as to what he had himself seen of the labours of the Wesleyan missionaries at the Cape of Good Hope, West Indies, and Fiji Islands, where a whole nation had been rescued from barbarism. He assured the memorialists that he would always be glad to co-operate with them in all their efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the African race.

Wesleyan Methodism has 800,000 children in training in its Sunday-schools, and 180,000 in its day-schools in England and Scotland.

The Theological College at Handsworth, near Birmingham, was opened in November last. The total cost was \$200,000, and yet there is no burden of debt remaining on the institution. The Rev. F. W. Macdonald, who visited Canada a few years ago, occupies the chair of theology.

The foundation stones of a memorial chapel to Gideon Ouseley, Ireland's great evangelist, were recently laid at Mount Mellick.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Missionary Committee held its annual meeting in New York in the latter end of the month of November, and was in session six entire days. On behalf of the Foreign Missions in Africa, Central America, South America, China, Germany and Switzerland, Scandinavia, India, Bulgaria and Turkey, Italy, Mexico,

and Japan, there were appropriated \$327,327. \$38,000 was appropriated to Japan alone, for which country our Central Board could only allow about \$6,000. For missions in America, situated in the Territories, the Domestic Missions of various foreign languages, as German, Welsh, etc., \$13,470. French, Chinese, and Indians, \$17,000. English-speaking missions in the Conferences, \$167,550. Miscellaneous, such as incidental and office expenses, and disseminating missionary information, \$78,000. Liquidation of the debt (which exceeds \$130,000), \$60,000, being a grand total of \$750,000. Much valuable information was given to the Committee by the Bishops, who had lately visited several of the missions. A Missionary College is to be established in Foochow, China. The Rev. J. F. Goucher, a wealthy Methodist minister, gives \$7,000 for the theological department. A Chinese gentleman has given \$10,000. A building formerly used as a bank has been purchased, and the balance of the money required will be provided by Chinese contributions, without asking for a dollar from the Missionary Treasurer. The institution is to be known as the Fowler University, in honour of Dr. Fowler, one of the Missionary Secretaries.

In September the Theological School of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, opened its new "Semester" with fourteen promising young men, who are being educated for the work in Germany and Switzerland. One came from Mt. Ararat, in Armenia, to be trained as an evangelist for his native country. This institute has given to the Church about ninety ministers.

The Board of Church Extension has its headquarters in Philadelphia. The sixteenth anniversary was held after the annual meeting of the Missionary Committee. The receipts were \$200,001.74, being an increase of \$27,416.51. The Board aids in the erection of churches by gifts and loans without interest. In this way 313 churches were aided during the past year.

The Methodist Episcopal Board

of Education does not make grants to candidates studying for the ministry, but makes loans to be repaid without interest. The income for the past year exceeds \$9,000. An annual collection is to be taken in each congregation, and a Children's Day is to be observed in all the Sunday-schools.

The bishops have appointed the following fraternal delegates: To the British Wesleyan Conference, Dr. W. F. Warren; to the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, Dr. W. S. Studley; to the General Conference of the M. E. Church of Canada, Dr. Andrew Longacre.

The various women's foreign missionary societies raised in all last year \$775,179. A few years ago they raised nothing.

THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

As these notes are being prepared, news reaches us of successful missionary meetings being held in various circuits. Increase of funds appears to be the order of the day. It is to be hoped that this will be the rule in all the Conferences. The income of the Missionary Society should not be less than \$200,000. The Presbyterian body in Canada is reported to have appropriated \$16,000 for their mission work in Manitoba, and have appointed a General Superintendent, who will spend three months annually among the churches, to lay before them the claims of missions in the North-West. They also give \$5,000 towards their college in Manitoba. This example should not be lost on the Methodist Church.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land wants \$40,000 for St. John's College in Manitoba, and thinks that even \$100,000 would not be more than sufficient.

The Rev. Thomas Crosby and his excellent wife are now in Ontario. Their presence at various missionary anniversaries have already been the means of giving an impetus to the work in which they have so honourably toiled at Port Simpson.

The Woman's Missionary Society

has now become an institution in the Methodist Church. The annual meeting was held in the Female College, Hamilton. The Society contemplates aiding the Ladies' Society in Montreal, the Girls' Home at Port Simpson, the Macdougall Orphanage, and a lady missionary in Japan. The interest of the meeting was much enhanced by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby. Several ladies were made life-members on the payment of \$25 each. More than \$1,000 was reported as the income of the Society. It is to be hoped that at least in our cities and towns branch societies will be formed, and we do not see why one might not be formed in most of our circuits. Such societies cannot fail to accomplish a great amount of good.

The income and expenditure of the Educational Society is as follows: From the six annual Conferences the Treasurer received \$6,520.83, and paid out in district expenses, \$255.70; Conference examinations and grants to students, \$3,236.25; Grants to Victoria, Mount Allison, and Montreal Colleges, \$1,800; applied on the debt, \$1,031.88; proportion of the salary of the President of the General Conference, \$200. There are sixty-one theological students attending Victoria College; 23 at Montreal, 9 of whom are French; and Mount Allison 8.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The Rev. Stuart Robinson, D.D., after suffering from cancer in the stomach for 18 months, died in

Louisville, Ky. He was an able Presbyterian divine, a native of Ireland, and was in the 67th year of his age. He was a man of means, and left a large sum of money to poor Presbyterian ministers.

The Rev. Benjamin Chapman, General Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in Australasia, has joined the Church triumphant. He was an influential minister, and often occupied important positions in the Church.

The Rev. Cephas Barker, of the Bible Christian Church in Canada, was suddenly called away from his beloved employment of preaching the Gospel. He preached on the Sabbath, and retired in his usual state of health, but at daylight he was not, for God took him. He was one of the most influential ministers in the denomination, and for eighteen years he edited the Church periodicals, and also acted as Book-steward.

In our own Church the Rev. Edward A. Ward, of the Montreal Conference, has finished his course. He died on Sunday, December 4th. He laboured with great zeal since the commencement of his ministry in 1854. He took a superannuated relation at the last Conference, but has soon been called to the better land.

The Rev. Wm. Taylor, a supernumerary minister in London Conference, has also passed on before. He began his ministerial course in 1862, but failing health compelled him to retire in 1874, since which time he has been an invalid.

BOOK NOTICES.

Missionary Papers. By JOHN C. LOWRIE. Pp. 422. New York: Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is one of the most instructive books on missionary administration and polity that we have ever read. It gives the result of many years' experience and observation of a

Missionary Secretary and Editor of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. It is characterized by judicious thought, plain speech, and sound wisdom. We would heartily commend it to the study of the friends of missions in our own Church, especially to the members of our Missionary Boards. The author

deals with the most vital topics, as a brief enumeration will show. While the foundation of mission work is faith, he shows the need for wise measures in the collection and employment of means. In answering the question, "Is missionary life favourable to piety?" he points out its disadvantages and temptations, its isolation from Christian sympathy and helpfulness, the miasmatic moral atmosphere of heathenism, also the promised presence and blessing of God, and the much-availing prayers of the Church.

While thankful for the gifts of the rich, he covets especially the gifts—with the reflex benefits to themselves, of which he cites examples—of God's great family of the poor. He quotes the record of a Romanist Missionary Society—*L'Œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi*—which requires a short prayer every day, and *one sou*, less than a cent, every week. It has eighty missions, and an annual income of \$200,000. May we not learn much, especially in our Sunday-school mission work, from this result of the systematic gathering of small sums. A cent a week from our scholars would be \$65,000 a year.

Our author, while urging catholicity of spirit, strongly and justly commends mission work on denominational lines. He has great faith in monthly concerts of prayer for missions, and cites instructive results. Might we not, as a Church, cultivate this feature more? He thinks America over-stocked with ministers—48,000—while she sends forth only 600 missionaries—one to every 800 souls, while millions of the heathen have not a single missionary; and he quotes the case of thirty ministers preaching to average audiences of 93 persons.

He insists that missionaries should learn the native languages, or give place to those who will. They can learn the language, and much besides, better in the foreign field than at home. Having learned it, they should translate the Scriptures and use the native press. He thinks it better to transfer the word "baptizo," as it is in our common version,

rather than to translate it as either "dip" or "sprinkle," and the Presbyterian General Assembly has so directed. Paying a noble tribute to the Jesuit Xavier, he deplores his wasted life and futile labours. While admitting certain grievances of the Hindoos under British rule, he claims that their position is vastly better than under the tyranny of native princes, and cites the case of a native town escheating to the British crown, and growing rapidly from 16,000 to 80,000 souls—"a fact," he says, "confuting whole pages of declamation." Even British complicity with the opium trade he thinks is restrictive in its influence, like the tax on spirits in Great Britain; lessening an evil it cannot prevent.

Deploping the American Indian wars, he says it is cheaper, as well as more Christian, to feed than to fight the red men. The true relation of the white to the red race is that of guardian to ward. The Indians should have ample reserves, but not too large. As they become civilized they should be enfranchised, and, if persistently savage, should be treated like "prisoners at large," fed, but restricted from harm-doing by enrolled Indian troops or mounted police, like Hindoo Sepoys, who would be much cheaper, more effective, and less obnoxious than white soldiers.

He questions the wisdom of providing missionary boarding-schools or orphanages, as an undue tax on time, strength, and means, and as tending to estrange their inmates from their native kinsfolk. The hope of the conversion of the heathen world, he argues, is through a native ministry, under, at first, foreign direction and control. His ideal is not sporadic missionary effort, singly through the country, but massing a strong working force in some city, with schools, press, and missionary college; and evangelizing the province by means of self-supporting native churches. The Presbyterian Board has now 230 such native ministers. This was also Dr. Duff's great idea.

The experience of all the great

missionary societies has shown that missionary finance and administration are best managed by an influential Board, acting through paid Secretaries. The children of foreign missionaries must of necessity be sent home for education—at the cost of many a parental pang. He deprecates, however, their being gathered into special schools, as creating a caste feeling, and as isolating them from family life. He urges their training in Christian homes and public schools and colleges. Like Principal Grant, he argues that mission work demands the very best men of the Church; who should receive as liberal a training as possible. Contrary to general opinion, he shows that the average length of missionary life is longer than that of home pastors. He assigns little value to the inspecting visits of deputations, and would leave large option with the missionaries, subject always to approval of the Board. The whole book will be found exceedingly instructive and suggestive on all missionary topics.

The Races of European Turkey: Their History, Condition, and Prospects. By EDSON L. CLARK. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 532, with map. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$3.00.

The Eastern Question is still, and will probably for many a year continue to be, the most serious problem of European politics. The keys of Empire are falling from the "sick man's" enfeebled grasp. Into whose hands shall they pass is the great question of the future. That they will pass into the hands of Greece seems one of the most probable contingencies, and one at which every lover of that grand classic land will rejoice.

For the complete understanding of this problem, we know no book so useful and instructive as Mr. Edson Clark's. The somewhat complex question is treated in a very lucid manner. The author has mastered the copious literature of the subject, and presents the results of his study in a very interesting style. He gives first an account of the old

Byzantine Empire, the story of its rise, decline, and fall. This story is less familiar than that of the Western Empire, but it is full of interest and instruction. The cause of its decline the author considers to be the mental asphyxia, the complete moral enslavement of the people, and the intellectual stupor of the Church. After describing the ill-omened conquest of the City of Constantine by the Turks, he traces the condition of the Greeks and Albanians from that time to the present. Both the good and bad qualities of that wily, subtle race, whose faculties are sharpened by oppression to preternatural craftiness are set forth. The state of learning and religion and their influence is traced, and the stirring story of the revolt of Scanderbeg is told. The Greek awakening to a struggle for national life, in the early part of this century, and the successful revolt, by which, under the heroic but ill-fated Marco Bozaris, they fairly won their liberty in 1824, but were thrust back into slavery to the Turk by the unholy "Holy Alliance," is vigorously described.

The lovers of liberty throughout all Europe were roused. From every land succour poured forth, and Greece was sustained by the charities of the world. Byron half redeemed the record of his selfish life by giving it up for the liberties of Greece. Ibrahim Pasha ravaged the Morea, captured Missolonghi after an heroic defence, and reduced Athens to a mound of ruins. Then came the glorious victory of Navarino, precipitated by the treachery of the Turks, 1827. The combined fleet of England, France, and Russia annihilated that of Turkey and Egypt, and Greece once more was free.

The subsequent history of Greece is succinctly given, and its present condition and prospects are described. Athens, in 1832, had scarce half-a-dozen houses. It has now 50,000 inhabitants, and a university with fifty professors, 1,244 students, and a library of 100,000 volumes. The school system is excellent, and education is more absolutely free

than in any country in the world. Commerce and agriculture are reviving, and the political and social regeneration of the people is being rapidly accomplished.

The third section of the book treats of the Slavic races occupying European Turkey. The Servians, long oppressed, now happily free, are described as one of the most interesting people in Europe; brave and free, pure and noble, with a rich poetic literature, and destined to bear a prominent part in the regeneration of Eastern Europe. The little principality of Montenegro—a tameless eagle in its rocky eyrie—has also its stirring story: The Wallachians are described as the most degraded and oppressed people in Europe, having suffered even greater atrocities than those which, in 1878, stung Bulgaria into revolt, and nearly precipitated all Europe into war.

The stirring events which led to the collapse of Turkish power at Plevna, the advance of the Russians to the walls of Constantinople, the treaty of San Stefano, March 3, 1878, and the treaty of Berlin, June 14th, of the same year, are concisely recorded. That treaty, though reducing Turkish territory in Europe by one-half, yet, our author considers, has consolidated rather than weakened her power. Her independence, however, is effectually swept away, the great Powers controlling every act of the Empire. Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania became free; and Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Eastern Roumelia became semi-independent, with the prospect of ultimate freedom.

Greece has had less generous treatment than she deserves, but her boundary has since been enlarged. She has the keenest intellect in Eastern Europe, civic disabilities are removed, and our author anticipates for Greece the dominant position in the East in the future.

A chapter is devoted to the strange Hindu race of gypsies, more numerous on the Lower Danube than anywhere else, scattered from Persia to Ireland, from Siberia to Central Africa. Outcast and despised, they

have preserved their language, habits, and strange peculiarities with even more persistence than the Jew.

Our author gives much information on the subject of Christian missions to these South Eastern regions of Europe. The social and religious outlook is as cheering as their political progress. In connection with this book we would suggest the study of Stanley's "Eastern Churches," with which it is a high compliment to the author to say that his admirable work is well worthy to rank.

Across Patagonia. By LADY FLORENCE DIXIE. Pp. 251. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Of all places in the world for a cultured English lady to go touring, we would think that Patagonia would be the last. Yet here, with her husband, her brothers—Lord Queensbury and Lord James Douglas—and an artist friend, who contributes the illustrations to the book, Lady Florence Dixie spent some months. The chief attraction seems to have been the hunting of guanacos and ostriches, and the free, out-door life of the Pampas. The book abounds in hunting adventures, which, however, are not much to our taste. Lady Florence Dixie is doubtless a famous horsewoman and huntress, but as a book-maker we cannot commend her taste or skill. Her narrative contains too much society chatter, not without a flavour of society slang. And after all, the chief end of man is not riding after the hounds nor shooting pumas. The hardships, exposure, hunger, and cold endured, might have been encountered in a better cause.

The Life, Speeches, and Public Services of James A. Garfield. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. 12mo., pp. 384. Boston: B. B. Russell. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, half morocco, \$2.

Now that the flood of newspaper writing about the late President has ebbed away, the public are looking for some more worthy record of that noble life than the ephemeral notices of the day supplied. The

volume before us meets this demand. Colonel Conwell, whose admirable life of Bayard Taylor we have previously reviewed, is especially well qualified for his task, and he has well accomplished it. The now familiar story is told with greater fulness of detail than we have met elsewhere, and with many additional incidents and anecdotes. The previous history of the family is traced, the touching story of the early cabin home, the boyhood struggles, and the efforts to procure an education. The story of Garfield as a teacher, professor, college president, preacher, lawyer, soldier, senator, and President of the United States, together with the tragic tale of assassination, long illness, heroic death, and funeral obsequies, grander than Pharaoh, Cæsar, king, or kaiser ever knew, is told with much vigour. The book is illustrated by fine steel portraits of General and Mrs. Garfield, and eighteen other engravings, and is substantially and handsomely bound—a book for any library.

The Origin of Nations. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Pp. 283. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.20.

Many of the attacks upon the credibility of the Bible are made, not simply upon scientific but on historical grounds. It is assumed that the primitive condition of mankind was one of savagery, and that vast periods were necessary to evolve the civilization of later times. Thus the history of ancient peoples is carried back to mythic ages, inconsistent with the chronology of Scripture. Ethnological difficulties are also alleged against the credibility of the Biblical record. Both of these classes of objections Prof. Rawlinson opposes in this book, and, we judge, successfully confutes. Of the former he writes, "There is really not a pretence for saying that recent discoveries in the field of history, monumental or other, have made the acceptance of the Mosaic narrative, in its plain and literal sense, any more difficult now than in the days of Bossuet and Stilling-

fleet." Of the latter he says, "The accordance of the ethnology of Genesis with the latest results of modern ethnographical science, seems to the present author to deal a rude blow to such a theory." The book contains the demonstration of these conclusions, and is illustrated by excellent maps.

Religion and Chemistry. By JOSIAH PARSONS COOKE. New Ed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Pp. 331. Price, \$1.75.

The position of the author of this book, as Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, gives his utterances on this subject all the weight of authority. It is gratifying to find that not a few of the most accomplished physicists of the age protest earnestly against the materialistic theories which would exclude God from the world which He has made. It is "skepticism masquerading as science" which is to-day the great enemy of Christianity, and in the conflict with science falsely so-called such men as Prof. Cooke are invaluable allies. As a layman, too, he, like our own Dr. Dawson, possesses advantages in this controversy which professional theologians cannot share. We can only briefly enumerate some of the topics here treated. Among others are the Testimony of the Atmosphere, of Oxygen, of Water, of Carbonic Dioxide, of Nitrogen, and an admirable chapter on the limitations of scientific and religious thought. There is a fascination about these lectures which will attract many who would be repelled by dry scientific disquisitions.

Four Thousand Miles of African Travel. By ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH. 8vo, pp. 381, illustrated. London: Sampson, Low & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

This book and the exploration which it describes are the results of newspaper enterprise. In addition to the munificent liberality which sent Stanley to find Livingstone, Mr. Bennett, of the *New York*

Herald, sent Mr. Southworth to investigate the slave trade of Upper Egypt and Nubia. This "open sore of the world," as Livingstone called it, is described in all its horrors, and suggestions are made for its cure. The connivance and fraud of the corrupt officialism of Egypt is one of the chief obstacles to the suppression of this great evil. This book gives a graphic account of desert travel, and is illustrated by a large number of lithographic pictures of Oriental scenes.

Minutes of the Spring Conferences of 1881, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price, 75 cents.

This is a closely-printed octavo of 208 pages, giving the appointments, statistics, and obituaries of thirty-nine Conferences—a wonderful record of the growth of Methodism. Of the late Wm. Bangs we read, that in thirty-nine years he preached 11,000 sermons, and had 3,600 conversions—a grand record.

HOLIDAY JUVENILE BOOKS.

In nothing is the beautiful genius of Christianity more apparent than in the wise and kind provision for instruction and delight of little children. Authors, publishers, and artists, tax their taste and skill to produce books that will make the little folks' eyes dance with pleasure, and shall be a lasting joy. Among the most beautiful of these are a series of BIBLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE, by Phillips & Hunt, New York. One of these is *The Story of Moses and his Times*, and the other *The Story of Jesus and His Times*; each with nearly a hundred fine engravings (some of them small.) Price, 40 cents each. Uniform with these are *Sing Song and Baby Verses*. Same price. Just the thing for the children's hour.

Of still greater value, though of less price is the *Lyceum Library*, of useful and entertaining reading for children and youth. Among the late issues are *Talks with the Children*, by Dr. McLeod. *Pearls for the Little Ones*; *Anna Ross*; *Nurse Braun*, by the author of "Ministering Children"; *The White Rat*, by

Lady Barker, and for older young folk, *Knights of Industry*; *The Eye Doctor*; *The Fur Coat*. *Stories of English History*, and *Treasures of the Earth*, by Wm. Jones, F. S. A. These good and cheap books are designed to keep out bad ones, which are in the end very dear. They cost 12 cents each in stiff manilla covers. Give the boys and girls a chance by giving them good reading.

We have received from the publisher, Geo. Virtue, Toronto, Parts VII. and VIII. of "The Last Forty Years; or, Canada Since the Union of 1841," by John Charles Dent. These numbers complete the first volume, which contains 392 pages. The promise of the prospectus has been made good by each successive number. The literary character of the work has been well sustained, and the broad margins, clear type, and excellent letter-press, make this an *édition de luxe*. These numbers contain portraits of Messrs. Holton, Young, W. L. Mackenzie, Huntingdon, D. L. Macpherson, and Sir John A. Macdonald.

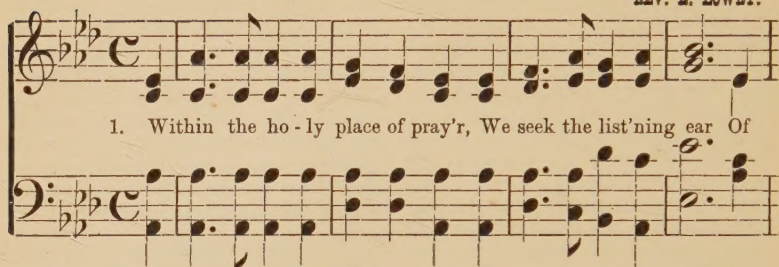
The following paragraph was crowded out of our notice of the New Tune Book of our Church, in the last number of the MAGAZINE:—

"The book owes much of its accuracy and merit to the good taste and musical ability of the Rev. Dr. Williams, Chairman of the Committee and Editor of the book. It is elegantly printed, not from type, but beautiful copper-faced electrotypes, and is substantially bound. Here will be found suitable tunes for every hymn in the book, and for some hymns there is a choice of several tunes."

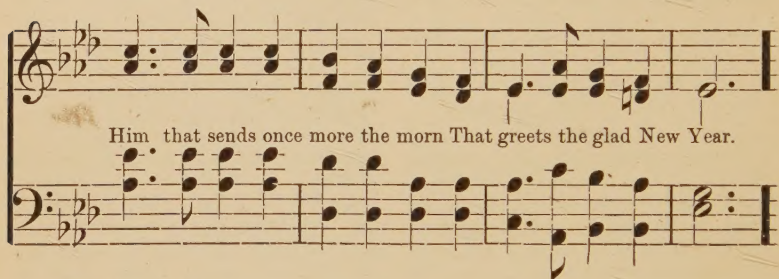
The catalogue of books, published and on sale at the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, is a neatly printed 8vo. of 184 pp. It is, we think, the largest book catalogue ever published by any Canadian House. Its preparation has cost much labour and expense. It will be sent free to any book buyer on application. A considerable number of these books are publications of the House.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

REV. E. LOWEY.

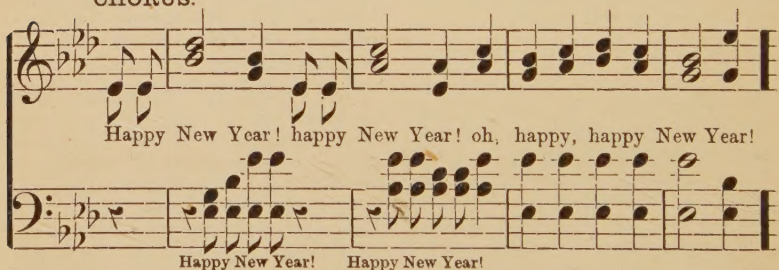


1. Within the ho-ly place of pray'r, We seek the list'ning ear Of



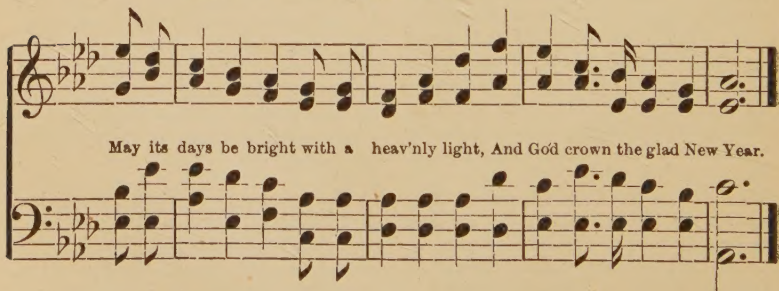
Him that sends once more the morn That greets the glad New Year.

CHORUS.



Happy New Year! happy New Year! oh, happy, happy New Year!

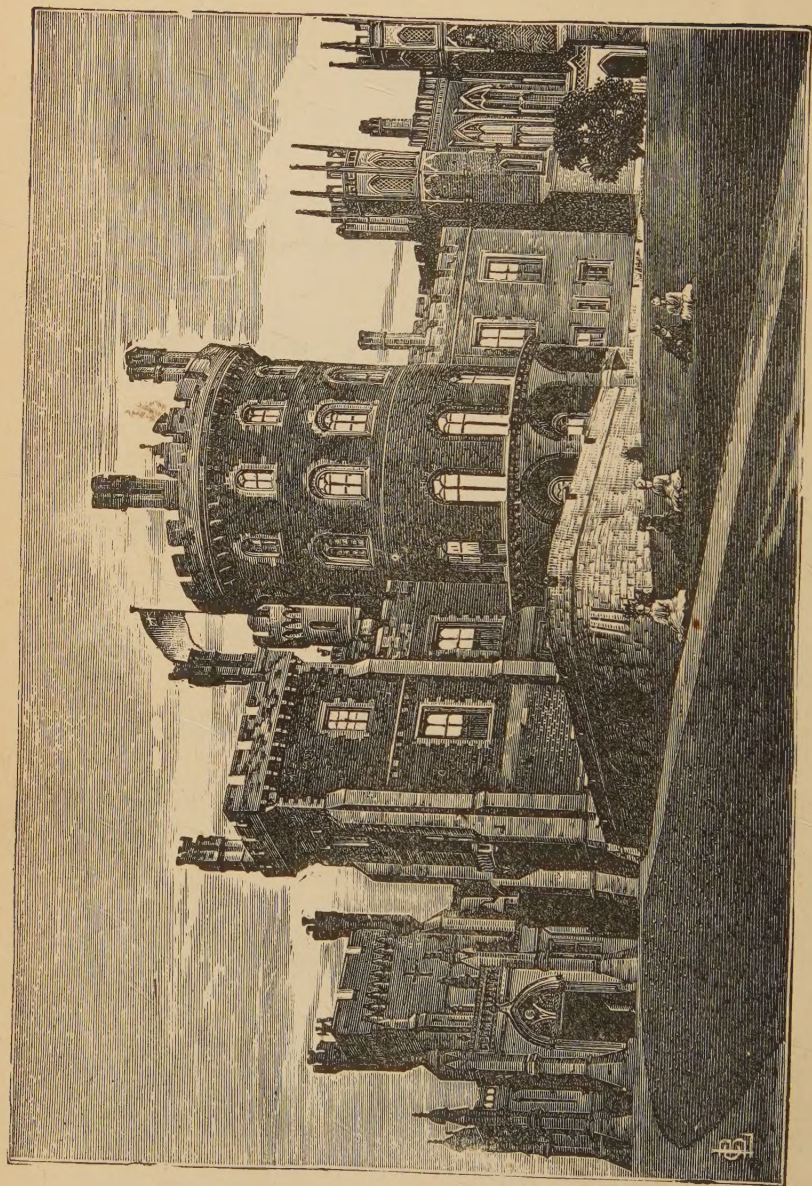
Happy New Year! Happy New Year!



May its days be bright with a heav'nly light, And God crown the glad New Year.

With thanks for mercies in the past,
 With faith in coming cheer,
 We lift to-day a joyful song,
 And hail the glad New Year.
 "Happy New Year," etc.

Here let us all our vows renew,
 Bow down with godly fear;
 And God protect us on the way
 Through all the glad New Year.
 "Happy New Year," etc.



BELVOIR CASTLE.